

PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NEW SERIALS, A PLATE, A BICYCLE, &c., COMING.



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"IN THE OPEN DOORWAY OF THE GREAT TENT CROUCHED A LITTLE HUNCHBACKED BLACK MAN." (See page 803.)

FOUGHT OUT AT THE FRONT.

Being a Written Account of a Terrible Chapter in the Life of Jack Scarlett, and the Adventures and Misadventures which befel him in the Troublous Times of the South African War of 1899 and 1900.

By E. C. HEATH HOSKEN,

AUTHOR OF "BROKEN THREADS," "FOXES OF CAIUS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY.



THE poor wretch lying before me was none other than Mein heer Paulus Van Kock, my unknown and mysterious enemy.

But what a different Van Kock from the man I had last seen!

Already the dews of death had settled upon him. Paulus Van Kock, the great, stalwart, broad-chested man, full of animal life, was done for. He was slipping away into the unknown. Paulus Van Kock, my enemy!

But, somehow or other, at that moment, I forgot that it was Paulus Van Kock, the master of the Bull-frog, the man who, for some unknown reason, sought my life.

I drew out my flask—the flask of brandy which Dick Morant had insisted on my taking with me—and knelt down on the dusty grass beside the wounded man and poured some cognac between his bloodless lips. Then I placed my hand gently under him and lifted him up and laid him down again. He had somehow got one of his arms twisted underneath him, and he had not the strength to move.

The spirit had some effect, and a slight tinge of colour shot into his bluey-white cheeks, and his chalky lips moved in incoherent speech.

As for me, I stared at him speechlessly. The look of the man frightened me. I had seen unnameable deaths that day; but I had not thought of it. Now I was face to face with it, and a terrible revulsion of feeling came over me. It was the inevitable reaction.

The man's face was writhing in agony, contorted horribly. And I saw that he was struggling to speak.

"Some more," he murmured, "some more!"

I poured more brandy down his throat, and he gulped it down.

"See," he gasped painfully, jerking his blood-stained hand upwards towards the leaden sky, "see!" I looked upwards.

"The vultures—the vultures! They are coming for me! Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed that raucous laugh I now knew so well. "I—!" And then he fixed his wild staring eyes upon me and his mouth opened. "Ha, I—I! My Heaven, am I mad? You? You here! I—I thought that you were down there in the town!" He caught my arm and gripped me tightly, so tightly that I bit my lip to prevent myself from calling out from sheer physical pain.

Heer Van Kock had recognised me. His blood-shot eyes were glittering afresh; but it was only for a moment, and then that dull, glazed look came back to them.

I could not speak. I could only kneel there and watch him.

He was trying to speak again, and the effort was costing him agony. I could see it.

"I—I—am dying," he choked. "I—ah, this pain! This pain! Hold me up, hold me up—quick, Mein heer! Quick, for pity's sake! I feel the grip of death! More brandy, more brandy! They have shot me in three places—those lily-livered dogs of Englishmen—and then another coward stuck his blade into me and—ah—and—and I—let me speak to you! I must, I must! I—I wanted the money. I was his slave, I could do nothing without him, and he—he tempted me! I swear it!"

"What do you mean?" I asked hoarsely, for I could hardly hear his incoherent ramblings.

"Mean? Ha, ha, I was paid! Don't you understand? I was paid to do it. Paid to kill—you! And I have failed. It is just—yes, my Heaven—it is—just!"

I caught my breath.

"Tell me," I cried, "tell me everything!"

"Yes, yes, you can know it all now," he mumbled light-headedly. "You can take my coat. There are papers there that will tell you everything, and—and, yes, be careful, be very careful. The Bull-frog is in Glencoe, and he is seeking you—he will kill you, unless—unless he knows—that—I—am dead!"

A fit of coughing drowned his further speech.

"But why—why?" I asked breathlessly. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake!"

"Ah, this frightful pain! I can't stand it. Oh, hold me up higher—higher! I—I am sinking down—down! I—!" His whole frame shook with a horrible convulsive contortion. Then his grip relaxed, and I saw his eyes close, I saw a blue-whiteness come across his face, and then he sank back rigid—lifeless.

Yes, Paulus Van Kock was dead!

It was quite dark ere the last stragglers of the fight at Dundee Hill tottered, worn out, almost dropping with fatigue, into Craigside Camp. And I was amongst the very last of them.

The Dublin Fusiliers and the Irish and the Rifles, the heroes of that day, had swung back triumphantly hours ago; and even the cavalry, who had been chasing the flying enemy, had groomed their horses, and made out lists of their casualties.

The news of the victory was flying by swift gallopers to Sir George White at Ladysmith.

I had searched Van Kock, and in my tattered and blood-stained jacket was a little bundle of letters, Van Kock's watch, a ring—practically everything I found upon him.

At last I had my secret! At last the mystery was at my hand!

I felt that I must sit down then and there and read those dirty, soiled letters, tear open the package, and know all. But I did not. Instead, I lent a hand to a bearer party of the Army Medical Staff, and helped to carry some of our dead and wounded to the ambulance waggon and doolies at the bottom of the hill—Boers or British, it was all the same then.

And it was about eight o'clock at night when I reeled into the empty Dublin mess tent, and found Gilly Morant sitting disconsolately on a case of champagne, eating a pineapple.

He did not look up as I entered, and I went and sat down beside him without speaking a word. I was dead beat.

At last he turned his head. Then he started to his feet and gave vent to a cry of astonishment, threw the half-eaten pine—for he had a prodigious appetite—full tilt at the head of a passing Hottentot. It caught the black man full on the head, and he turned and howled with rage, then took the pine from the ground and commenced to finish Gilly's unfinished moiety with evident relish.

"Jack! By all that's good!" cried Gilly. "So you turn up at last? By Jove, old man, we were putting you down as one of the goners! Heavens, old chap, I was in a frightful funk. I've been back four hours, and have been occupying myself ever since with examining the dead and wounded to see if you were amongst them. And, now—why, you don't appear to have a scratch."

"Not so much as a scratch, though I'm beastly tired," I said. "And you?"

"Safe as a fiddle, save for the wound I got that night."

And I know of nothing more utterly exhilarating and inexpressibly glorious than the feeling that you have been through a great danger and come out of it unscathed.

"Gilly," I said solemnly, "I've got the secret in my pocket!"

He looked up at me wonderingly.

"What secret?" he asked.

"Van Kock's! He's dead and—well, I suppose he repented at the last. Poor wretch, he was frightfully cut up—a mass of wounds, bullets and bayonets. Here are the papers!"

And I pulled the packet out of my pocket, muddy, bloodstained.

"Let's see them at once," cried Gilly impetuously. "By Jove, what a day it has been! What a day to live for—to remember!"

I shuddered, for the glamour was over. I saw it in its naked awfulness, and I was beginning to feel a little ashamed of myself.

"And I have news for you, old man," said Gilly.

"News? More news? I hope it's good."

"It is. Old Jujube's turned up. He's out now looking for you. He came in here this morning when we were out on that hill fighting. The Boers took him prisoner and have kept him ever since that affair at Moutifontein. But he escaped from the laager at Vryheid—swam the Buffalo, and—but Juiube will wait. Let's see the papers."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEREIN THE MYSTERY OF VAN KOCK IS EXPLAINED. AND there and then Gilly and I sat down, and by the light of the guttering oil lamp of the Dublin mess, read that history of black villainy and crime.

It would be a waste of time to give those letters in full, though there were not many of them. There were only about a dozen in all, including one or two cablegrams. They were from my worthy uncle and guardian, Mr. Phineas Baldwin. There was an I O U signed by him, and there was also a photograph of myself taken about a year ago.

And we went about it methodically. First of all we arranged the letters and the cablegrams in the order of their dates, and I now give a brief extract of the most important of them, and that extract is quite enough for the purpose intended.

All the letters were written on my uncle's notepaper, and, for the first time in my life, I learnt that his firm was Messrs. Baldwin and Van Kock, of London and Johannesburg.

The business notepaper was headed: "—, Copthall Court, E.C.," and the letters themselves were written in Phineas Baldwin's cramped handwriting. All were remarkably short and to the point, and some dealt with matters of which I knew nothing and which, so far as I could make out, did not affect the question at issue.

Here they are:—

The first, dated about two months ago, ran as follows:

"DEAR PAULUS,—With reference to our interview before you left, and to your cable received, the matter stands as arranged. On receiving instructions from you, telling me when the time is ripe, the boy shall come out!

"It means everything to me, and it will mean a lot to you. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.—Yours faithfully, PHINEAS BALDWIN."

The second and third letters were very short, and simply acknowledged the receipt of letters; but the fourth said something about agreeing to a sum of £10,000 to be paid down on receipt of proof of the "boy's death"—"proof," the letter went on to say, "that will be accepted by the insurance company, and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, when letters of administration are applied for."

The fifth was more explicit.

"DEAR PAULUS" (it ran),—"Your letter received, and I have made all arrangements. The boy will leave by the *Porchester* from Southampton on Friday fortnight. You will, of course, be able to find out when he will arrive in Durban."

"Herewith is the photograph you asked for. You have seen him, and you will not need a further description. He has not grown much or altered since last spring when you were in England. So that there will be no possibility of mistake, I have told him to wear an I Zingari Club ribbon—black, red, and gold—on his school straw hat. And I am also telling him, (more for the purpose of mystifying him than anything else) that he will wear a similarly coloured tie. He will come to you at the 'Wellington'; but, to make assurance doubly sure, and see that he doesn't lose himself in a strange land, you might let that villainous reptile you call Bull-frog keep an eye upon him."

"He will bring you a sealed packet—containing nothing, of course. But it will give you an idea of importance, and make him think (as I shall endeavour to do) that he is going out to South Africa on an important and secret mission for me. You, of course, understand the position?"

"And the rest, my dear Paulus, is with you. I am sure you will manage everything satisfactorily. I rely on you. And, if the war breaks out, it ought to be easy. But with that I have nothing to do. All I want is proof of death, so that the £20,000 insurance policy can be realised and the rest made easy."

"The boy is getting on in years. He talks of going up to Oxford next term, and, sooner or later, he must know what we have done. And when he does learn that we have appropriated something to the tune of £60,000—the whole of his property—things will get hot. Yes, Paulus, it is too great a risk. There is no one who will make any inquiry, and, once he is out of the way, all will be safe."

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the chance of penal servitude is removed. I succeed to all his property on his death under his father's will. I have taken it before he died, and therefore his death becomes most necessary. There is nothing to be gained in mining matters. We stand or fall together, and if we stand, dear Paulus, you will not be a loser. Rely on me. P. B."

Then came two or three cables, one informing Heer Van Kock that I had left, the other from Cape Town acknowledging receipt of some letter, and stating that Phineas Baldwin was proceeding at once to Durban, where he would wait for news to either proceed to Lourenço Marques or await in patience Heer Van Kock's instructions.

And that was all.

Gilly and I read the curious story of villainy and plotting silently, and when we had finished, we looked at each other and neither of us spoke a word.

As for me, my brain reeled before this revelation of heartless brutal villainy and crime.

I could not for a few moments grasp it all. It dazzled me, it seemed too utterly horrible, too inconceivable. And yet what else could it mean?

There was my uncle's handwriting, the letters were too terribly explicit, and then the cables. There could be no other meaning!

I sank back on to the wine case and put my head in my hands and thought—thought till my brain whirled and my temples throbbed. Piece by piece it all became clear to me. Uncle Phineas had spent all my money—the money he held in trust for me—the money that I had relied on to help me to make a great career, to go to the 'Varsity, to go to the Bar. It was gone now. I was penniless. He had deliberately plotted and schemed against me, and to end it all had insured my life and—and sent me out to Natal to be killed—to be murdered!

"Merciful Heaven!" I groaned, "am I mad?"

"Mad?" gasped Gilly, "mad? Why, man alive, this—this is—something too terrible!"

He could say nothing more, and he gripped my hand tightly, and I knew what that grip meant.

We sat again in silence for a few minutes and then Gilly spoke again.

"Jack, old man," he said, "I have a plan!"

"A plan?" I laughed, a little discordantly. "There's nothing to be done!"

"Oh, yes, there is. We'll meet this delightful old scoundrel of an Uncle Phineas at Durban!"

I shuddered.

"I suppose the police can do that?" I said.

"Not at all; we will send a wire to the old scoundrel in Van Kock's name and tell him the deed is done and make an appointment, and——"

"But it's all so horrible. I—I cannot. I never want to see him again. Thank Heaven there's none of his accursed blood in my veins."

"That's a poor consolation, I must say. But you don't mean to say that you are going to let the villain off. He ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"I can't think of anything to-night," I said. "My brain is pulpy—gone! I—I—my Heaven!"—I had looked up suddenly, for I felt that someone was watching me.

And someone was.

In the open doorway of the great tent crouched a little hunchbacked black man.

Gilly looked up at my exclamation and the two of us sprang to our feet.

(To be concluded next week.)

Any Idiot.

A WEALTHY but illiterate shopkeeper in a country town sent his boy to get a load of goods from a wholesale dealer, giving him a written order.

After a time the boy came back with only part of the goods in his cart, and on being asked by his employer where the rest were, said that the dealer could not read the other item.

The old man took the paper and opening it, said:

"Why, that's plain enough, ain't it? C-o-l-t, salt! I should think any idiot could read that."

Youth (whose dog has dropped overboard): "Captain, stop the vessel."

Captain: "I am not allowed to do that except when a man falls overboard."

Youth (as he jumps into the water). "Now you can stop."

Spoke for Herself.

On one occasion an old African grey parrot was included in an auction sale, and described as an excellent talker; but on the morning of the sale there sat "Poll," with head well down in her shoulders, and nobody heard her utter a syllable. Half-past twelve came; the sale commenced, and "Poll" was put up for sale.

The bidding started at 3s., and crawled up to 5s., when a man looked into the cage and said:

"Why, the poor wretch looks half starved!"

This was too much for Poll's dignity; so, bristling up to her full size, she shrieked out in clear tones:

"What's that to do with you, you old idiot?"

Amid a roar of laughter the bidding rapidly rose from 5s. to £5 17s., "Poll" being knocked down for that sum to the man who had insulted her.

Arranged Satisfactorily.

A CERTAIN gentleman, who objected to corporal punishment on principle, sent his son to a public school, and in due course of time the boy was ordered up to the headmaster to receive a flogging for some escapade. The youth objected, and said that his father did not approve of corporal punishment; but the headmaster said he could make no alteration in the rules of the establishment, and that the boy must either be flogged or leave.

The boy, true to his father's principles, elected to leave, and took the next train home. When he got there and explained matters to his parent, that philosopher said:

"My dear boy, pray return at once, and take any amount of flogging, for I have just obtained a nice little appointment in a bank for you, and they will never allow you to take it if you have been expelled from school."

The boy, convinced of the expediency of obeying his father, returned at once. Unfortunately, as it was the end of the term, the headmaster had gone abroad. But the boy was determined to have his flogging. So he bought a birch-rod and followed the headmaster to Paris, with the implement for his punishment in his luggage, and in the end everything was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties.

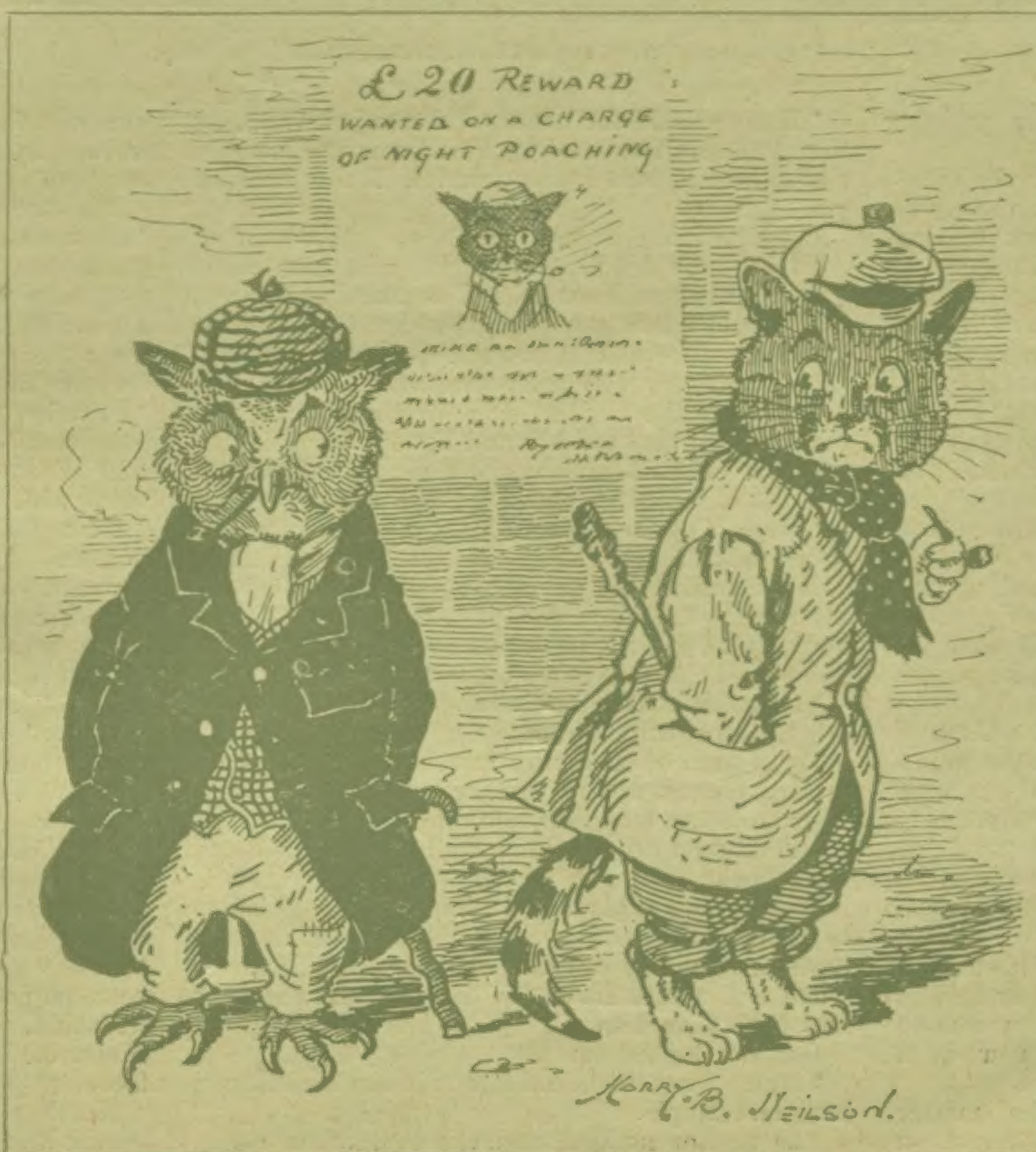
EMPLOYER: "You were late this morning, Jones."

Office Boy: "Yes, sir."

"Did you forget to mention it to me?"

"No, sir. But I didn't want to deprive you of the pleasure of being the first to speak of it."

Very Suspicious—



Or, A Case of Pot and Kettle.



— **To Make Them Good Shots.**—Canadian boys are rapidly on the road to becoming defenders of the Empire. At Toronto arrangements are being made to give the boys of the collegiate schools opportunities for rifle practice at the Government ra

— **A Kingly Schoolboy.**—Malietoa Tanu, the young deposed King of Samoa, is to be sent to school by his guardians, the Governments of Great Britain and Germany. Probably no schoolboy ever went to school under more distinguished patronage and guardianship, and there should be no lack of pocket-money!

— **They Had the Chocolate.**—At a certain Board school the master exhibited one of the Queen's chocolate boxes, which had been sent home by the father of a pupil. He remarked what a treat the chocolate must have been to the soldier; when the boy remarked, "He sent the chocolate home, sir, and we ate it!"

— **Punished by Proxy.**—"Briton v. Boer" is a very popular game in some schools. The difficulty is to get a boy to personate Kruger. Volunteers are very slow in coming forward for this part, and the result is that the rôle is usually assigned to some unpopular youth, who suffers accordingly, for there is a general desire to "hammer Kruger."

— **Return of the Wanderer.**—A roving youth has recently returned to his native village in Yorkshire after five years' absence. He ran away from home, became a stowaway in a vessel bound to Australia, and on his arrival worked for some time in the West Australian goldfields. After that he became a sailor, and visited many countries. His return has caused great rejoicing amongst his friends.

— **Not Skilled in Metals.**—The two Birmingham boys who picked up an ingot of silver valued at £100 and sold it for sixpence, under the impression that it was lead, must have been very much disgusted when they knew the truth. However, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they were not tricked, for the purchaser also thought it was lead, but eventually had to surrender it to the police.

— **Long to be Remembered.**—The story of how the boys of Haileybury College, being refused a half-holiday on Ladysmith Day, took one on their own account, and of the monster birching that followed, is likely to be handed down as a tradition in the school for generations to come. There were 400 in it, and the "after effects" included one hundred thrashings, administered after the boys had retired to bed.

— **Tried Making Lyddite.**—A Northampton youth of chemical tastes has been trying to make lyddite, prompted thereto, no doubt, by reading of the destructive effects of that explosive amongst the Boers. He mixed chlorate of potash with several other chemicals, and there is no doubt of the effective character of his compound, for he dropped a knife into it, with the result that the explosion nearly, if not quite, destroyed his eyesight.

— **Through a Cobweb.**—A certain youth who was accused of stealing money asserted that it had been stolen by burglars, and in proof of his contention directed attention to an open window giving admission into a room the furniture of which had been thrown into disorder. Unfortunately for this idea, the police found an old-standing cobweb across the window, showing that no one could have got in or out by that means. It is a story with more than one moral.

— **Fine Swimmers All.**—Richard Cavill, whose name may be familiar to Chums interested in swimming, has won the Australian Biennial One Mile Swimming Championship at Sydney, having just previously carried off the 440 Yards Amateur Championship of New South Wales. He is only fifteen, and belongs to a family every male member of which has gained one or more swimming championships. Young Cavill visited this country a few years ago.

— **His Own Lasso Caught Him.**—An American boy recently met with a strange fate. He had practised throwing the lasso to such an extent that he was quite expert at it. One day in a mischievous humour he tried to lasso the engine-driver of a passing train. His aim was too true. The engine man was caught, but so was the unfortunate boy, who had the other end of the rope round his waist. He was dragged behind the train, and finally drawn under the wheels.

THAT "BOUNDER" FROM AUBREY COLLEGE.

"They Say He Shan't Win the Cup."

"MR. MANNERS," said Dr. Steele, the head-master of Aubrey College, "this will be your class-room. Copping, come here. This is my head boy, Copping, Mr. Manners, who will take the place of Mr. Hazleton until that gentleman is well enough to resume his duties." The boys in the room gasped, and looked from Mr. Manners to Copping in amazement. Alike in height and build, the faces of the two presented even a more striking similarity, the only difference appearing to be the light moustache which adorned the upper lip of the master.

Mr. Manners slightly bowed and held out his hand.

"I hope that we shall work well together," he remarked pleasantly.

Copping seemed rooted to the spot.

"Thank you, I—I hope so," at length he managed to ejaculate, and then hurriedly retired to his seat.

"Whew!" he whistled, when the masters had left the room. "Am I myself or somebody else? What do you chaps make of it?" he demanded, as his class chums crowded round him.

"As like as two peas," commented Tomson.

"And if the peas get mixed?" queried Copping.

"There'll be trouble," Tomson retorted. "Goodness, I should like to see you two change places."

"Well, perhaps you will. Who knows?" replied Copping. "Now, tra-la-la for a little while. I'm going to run down to the village to find out if I can whether I've a chance for the twenty-mile cup this year."

"And if that beast Simkins is riding again," Copping went on to himself as he went out, "I shall want a coach. There I'm stuck—unless Mr. Manners will take it on. I know he has a bike, for I've seen it; but there, he's no good, judging from the look of him."

This remark was hardly complimentary to himself, and before long Copping was to realise that one pea may be as good as another, perhaps better.

When the class began to assemble for the afternoon's lessons, Mr. Manners had apparently already taken his position, for he sat at his desk writing busily. Now and then he nodded pleasantly to a boy entering the room, but took no further notice. The boys sat mute, disappointed in not having an opportunity to talk over the reception which should be accorded to the new master.

The oppressive stillness was suddenly broken by the writer at the desk noisily coughing, while his face was buried in his handkerchief. The next moment, from behind it, the features of Copping appeared, and Mr. Manners himself was seen to be hastily approaching.

Copping rose from the desk, gathered up the papers which had helped him to keep his face from the view of the class, and walked to his seat.

"You wretch!" muttered Tomson, as he passed. "You've 'sold' the lot of us."

"You wanted to see us change places," whispered Copping in reply. "I caught sight of the moustache in the barber's window while I was out, and it was so similar in shade that I couldn't help getting it."

Mr. Manners gazed at his new charges curiously. Their quietness, yet alertness, struck him as most unusual.

"Copping," he said presently, as it flashed through his mind that the sheets of paper he had seen the head boy with might furnish a clue to the strange silence, "what have you been writing?"

As Copping came towards him the master glanced sharply at his face. His eyes rested on the boy's upper lip, and at once he thought the mystery was solved. At any rate he adopted a

bold course. As he held out his hand to receive the papers, he said:

"Now give me the false moustache you have." Copping started. Mr. Manners' tones warned him that here was a man not to be trifled with.

"Give it to me, at once," reiterated the master, feeling certain that he had hit the mark.

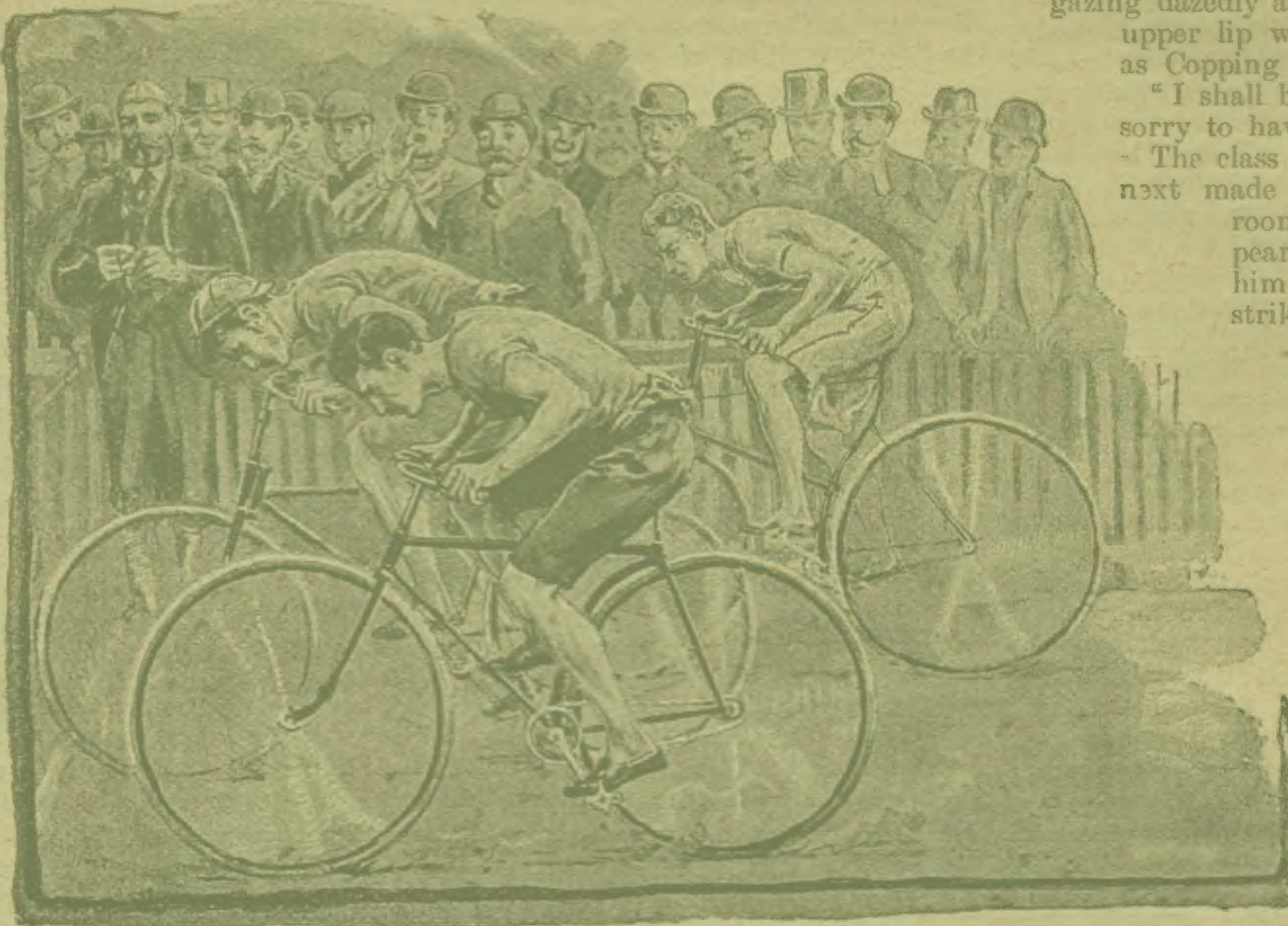
Copping unfolded his handkerchief and handed over a duplicate of the moustache on Mr. Manners' face.

"Thank you. Now remove the marks of the wax from your lip, and return to your seat. And, by the way, don't get another of these."

Mr. Manners held up for a moment the false moustache, then threw it into the desk, which was shut with a decisive bang. The incident, slight as it appeared, was the first step towards the mutual friendship which quickly sprang up between the master and his pupil, and which was soon to play a most important part.

II.

As Copping left the school next day for a spin on his bicycle he almost rode into Mr. Manners' arms.



"COPPING WON THE CUP AFTER A HARD RACE" (p. 805).

"Hullo!" said the master, "I was just thinking that I should like a trip. You know the country about here: would you mind if I accompanied you?"

Copping's face lit up.

"I shall be delighted, sir. I'll wait here while you get your machine. Now," he added to himself, "if I don't take every particle of breath out of his body, I'm the rankest of rank duffers."

Mr. Manners was unaware that Copping was regarded as the hardest rider in the district, but his eyes twinkled as he found himself being led up hill after hill without any slackening of effort. At the foot of one steep ascent he dismounted.

"Here, Copping," he called, "what do you say to a drink?"

All unsuspectingly his companion got off his machine. The day was hot, the master talked gaily, and Copping, before he realised what he was doing, had consumed two big bottles of ginger-beer.

"Now for a last climb and spurt home," the lad cried, re-mounting.

He started off at a rare rate, smiling to himself as Mr. Manners was left further behind. He gained the summit an easy first, and only about a mile and a half of straight, flat road lay between them and the school.

Bending over his handle bars, Copping began to pedal for all he was worth. Somehow, though, it seemed as if he couldn't move his machine, and when half a mile had been covered Mr. Manners was level with him.

Copping looked up.

"Home" was all he said; but it was a challenge pure and simple.

The master nodded, and the cycles flew along, raising clouds of dust. Then suddenly Copping straightened up.

"I'm puffed," he cried.

Mr. Manners laughed.

"Beautiful idea of mine, that ginger-beer. Al, wasn't it?"

Copping caught the knowing look in his companion's eyes and knew that for a second time he had been bowled out. But before he could give the matter a second thought, he saw the master's machine swerve and pitch its rider head first over the front wheel. Although he had commenced to slow up, Copping found it impossible to alter his direction quickly enough, and he too was flung into the road as he dashed into the other bicycle.

He was on his feet in an instant. Bending over Mr. Manners, in agitated tones, he asked:

"Are you hurt, sir?"

There was no response, and for the moment losing his nerve, Copping began to shout for help notwithstanding that the nearest building, the school itself, was half a mile distant. Then he steadied himself. Dragging Mr. Manners to the side of the road, he picked up his own machine and dashed off.

When he returned with the school porter and an under master, Mr. Manners was sitting up, gazing dazedly at his bicycle. A gash across his upper lip was bleeding nastily, yet he smiled as Copping helped him to his feet.

"I shall be all right soon, my boy. I'm sorry to have given you so much bother."

The class received another shock when he next made his appearance in the school-room. His moustache had disappeared, and the resemblance between him and his pupil was still more striking.

III.

"I AM thinking of entering for the twenty-mile cup at the village sports, Mr. Manners," said Copping the next time that the master accompanied him for a trip. "Dr. Steele has given me permission to do so, and I should very much like you to coach me. Will you?"

"With pleasure, my boy; I know something about racing, but you oughtn't to want much training."

The twenty-mile cup in question had once previously been held by a pupil at Aubrey College, an event which roused considerable resentment at the time among the village riders, and they had on more than

one occasion been known to threaten to smash anyone from the school who again ventured to compete.

For two years Simkins, the butcher's assistant, had carried off the trophy, and could he win it a third time the cup became his property. It wasn't long before he heard and realised that Copping was a formidable opponent, and that unless something out of the ordinary occurred he would have to play second fiddle at the coming sports to that "bounder" from Aubrey College.

A week before the race two of the juniors, Daubin and Welland, came rushing into the playground, filled with excitement.

"I say, Copping," shouted the former, but then stopped. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Manners, I thought you were Copping. Simkins and a number of roughs are hiding behind a hedge near the village waiting to upset Copping, whom they expect to pass that way."

"They say," broke in Welland, "he shan't win the cup."

The master looked grave. He dismissed the boys with a quiet nod, and then settled himself to think. Copping was out for a trial trip, and beyond doubt would ride into the trap. Would they dare to touch him?

Mr. Manners determined to see for himself. Hastily getting his machine, and seizing a heavy walking stick, which he swung across the handle bars, he pedalled towards the village as smartly as he could. Daubin and Welland caught sight of him as he left, and marvelled at the set look on his face.

Nearing the village, a clod of earth suddenly struck him in the side, and the next moment three or four young roughs sprang into the road, advancing in menacing attitudes.

"The bike first—then him," sang out someone from the hedge, the "someone" being none other than Simkins himself, who was far too wily to run the risk of getting himself damaged in any scuffle which might follow.

The master leapt from his machine and firmly gripped the weapon he had brought. The aggressors hesitated, and in that moment Mr. Manners literally hurled himself at the foremost, bringing him to the ground with a terrific crash. As the brute fell, he caught his opponent by the leg, causing him to totter, an accident which just gave sufficient time for the remaining ruffians to close in upon him.

For a few seconds there was a confused heap of legs and arms, and then the master, bruised and torn, broke away, and renewed the onslaught with the stick which he still retained. Stones flew at his head, but he managed to dodge most, and so far his bicycle was unmolested.

In the next combined rush Simkins, carried away by excitement, joined, but only received such a cut across the forehead that his riding in the race became a matter of doubt.

"Kill him, lads! Kill the bounder, I say!" he shrieked in his pain, and the struggle looked as if it could only have one termination, when "School! School!" began to ring in the air.

Down the road came tearing some forty or thirty schoolboys headed by Tomson, armed with stumps, bats, sticks, anything which they had been able to lay their hands upon.

"School! School!" they yelled; and the roughs, thinking discretion the better part of valour, hurriedly took to flight, leaving two of their number helpless in the road.

It was Daubin who had in a moment of inspiration remembered the resemblance between Mr. Manners and Copping; and by promptly mentioning the matter to his chums, had been the means of raising such timely succour.

After having seen that the injured roughs were receiving proper attention from a doctor and the police, the master was escorted back to the school by a band of cheering admirers.

Copping won the cup after a hard race—only by half a wheel, certainly, but that was quite sufficient. Simkins was still in the infirmary when the news was brought to him.

"It wasn't my fault," he moaned. "How was I to know that 'bounder' had a 'double' at the school?"

W. SMITH.

Undiscovered.

A WELL-KNOWN comedian once had an annoying experience while travelling across the Atlantic.

On the first day out (he said) as I came on deck, I saw a man whose face was familiar, but I could not remember his name. I saw that he had recognised me, and, to avoid the awkwardness of failing to call him by name, I kept out of his way, and pretended not to see him.

Every time I went to the other side of the deck he followed, and I was kept dodging so constantly that on the third day it occurred to me to look over the passenger list, in the hope that I might recognise the name that fitted my unknown friend. I read the list, but failed to find a familiar one.

I kept trying to avoid the man, and felt most uncomfortable till a brilliant idea struck me. I would put the passenger list in my pocket, go boldly up to him, shake hands, and before he had time to open the conversation, I would bring out the list and say, "They have omitted your name from the passenger list." Of course, he would say, "Oh, no; there it is," and point it out.

I did this. I went up to him boldly and grasped his hand.

"Why," said he reproachfully, "I thought you were going to cut me."

"Oh, dear, no," said I. "I thought you didn't remember me. By the way, they have omitted your name from the passenger list."

He looked at the list a minute or so.

"Yes," said he, "so they have."

A.: "Have you bought that dog to keep the burglars away?"

B.: "Yes."

A.: "Then you're not troubled any more at night, I suppose?"

B.: "Only by the dog."

Lost the Lesson.

HIS uncle was a schoolmaster, and when the little fellow brought a bird into the house with its wing all broken from the shot of a sportsman, he concluded that it was the proper time to drive home a lesson.

"Johnny, do you know that it is wrong to kill birds?"

"Is it?" asked Johnny.

"Of course it is," replied his uncle. "They like to live as much as you do, and it is cruel to shoot the poor little birds."

The little fellow looked at him in doubt for a few minutes, and then startled him by saying:

"Well, uncle, what would you shoot?"

Unavoidable.

DURING the war in Cuba a number of American officers had established a mess in a village, with native cooks, whose efforts were fairly satisfactory to the keen appetites of the campaigners. They were joined, however, by a certain peevish old major, who bitterly complained that every dish was flavoured with sugar, after the Spanish fashion, and quite uneatable.

Finally, he confined himself to a diet of eggs boiled in the shell. "They can't sugar those," he cried triumphantly. But his triumph was short-lived.

Next morning some mischievous subalterns were at the mess table before the major, and emptied all the salt-cellars, replacing their contents with powdered sugar.

The major soon appeared, and with gloomy complacency began upon an egg, with which, as usual, he took plenty of "salt." At the first mouthful his face turned purple with rage. "Sugared, sugared!" he exclaimed, and rushed off to his tent.

TOMMY: "What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy?"

JIMMY: "I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday."

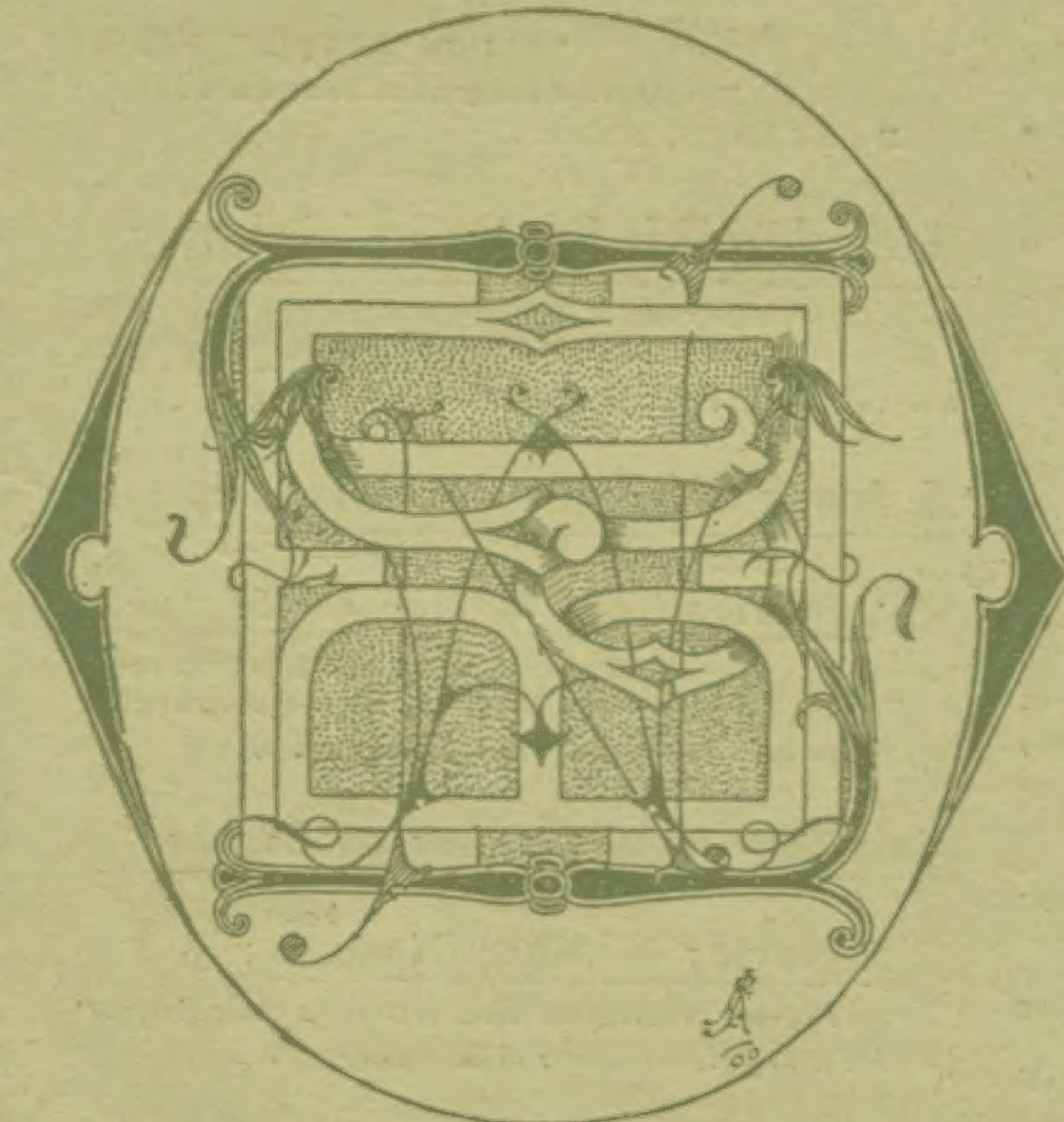
OUR PUZZLES.

No. 1.

A A A A
D E E E
E E G H
H H L L L L N
N O O R
R R S S
S S W W

Rearrange the accompanying letters so that two word-squares are formed, the connecting word giving the name of a well-known Northern professional cricketer.

No. 2.



The name of a popular British general can be formed with the letters shown above. What is it?

[Drawn by J. ROBERTS, Rivington House, Hyde Road, Gorton, to whom a Solid Silver Pencil-Case has been forwarded.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 412.

No. 1.—"Everyone should sweep before his own door."

No. 2.—Kroonstad; wreck, lobster, octopus, torpedO, dolphin, Shell, Toad, shark, Duck.

BOYS AT THE POST OF DUTY.

Their Work, Their Play, Their Perils.

DINNER-HOUR GAMES AND RECREATIONS.



N many large establishments there is now a rule which, at first sight, seems to have been drafted without any real reason. It is that all hands must clear out during the dinner-hour; the midday meal, even if brought into the place, must be eaten

elsewhere. But there is reason in roasting eggs, and there is a reason for this apparently churlish regulation. Here it is in a nutshell. Larking and playing are carried on to such an extent in the interval that if the hands are then allowed in the "shop," a considerable amount of damage is frequently done. Either the employer himself or one of his journeymen has to provide fun for the boys.

RATHER DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.

And the loss is not always trifling—as witness a happening at Liverpool not long since. Many of the working lads of that port had, at the time referred to, a mania for carrying pistols—not mere toys, but six-chambered revolvers. One dinner-hour three of them got at the back of the place where they were employed, and blazed away at the door of an out-house.

Though their target was of considerable thickness, they drilled it through at every shot, completely riddling some of the planks. Nor was that all. Numbers of the bullets struck the contents of the shed, mostly glass and earthenware. So that as a result of the leaden storm there were casualties. Indeed, the loss to the enemy was numerically heavy. In money, it represented £5 or £6. Luckily for the boys, their identity could not be clearly established, else their practice would have cost them dear. They would have been wageless for weeks.

AMUSING BUT LESS HARMFUL.

Seldom, however, is so costly a prank as this played in a workshop. In the general run of things the damage is covered by a few pence, which come out of a journeyman's pocket, not the master's.

Take, as a fair sample, a practical joke now very popular among the lads employed in a certain engineering works. Underneath every bench is a shelf, on which the occupier places his breakfast can. While he is away at dinner, a lad possesses himself of this utensil and proceeds to manipulate it with fine skill. First, he loosens the solder round the bottom; next, he punches a hole in it; lastly, he nails the can from the inside, to the shelf, placing the lid on when he has finished. That done, he goes away. The laugh comes later—at "knocking-off" time, or when another brew of tea is wanted. Always in a hurry then, the owner of the article dives beneath his bench, grabs the handle and gives it a pull, and away come the top and side, leaving the bottom behind. At this point the boys are absorbed in work or have an engagement outside.

WITH AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX.

A little trick of this character once had a very serious—indeed, nearly fatal—result. Prowling about in the dinner-hour, some youthful printers lighted on the corpse of a mouse that the office cat had tossed aside. It had not been embalmed—that was evident; in fact, it was in a very bad state of preservation. After a good deal of debate, they placed the body in the "case" of the most nervous compositor in the establishment. The "thick space" box—that is, the division of the case or receptacle allotted to the piece of metal ordinarily placed between words—was chosen for the animal's coffin, and it was buried in type.

No less painful than unexpected was the climax. In the course of the afternoon the excitable Caxtonian gradually worked down to the mouse, till at last, in picking up a space, he got hold of the tail between his finger and thumb. A scattering of type, a shrill scream, a fall, followed in quick suc-

cession. The shock had caused the man to collapse—to drop to the ground like a wet rag. And for weeks subsequently his nerves were so unstrung that he could do absolutely nothing.

The idle moments of the dinner-hour, then, give scope for mischief, and this is why many employers insist that their hands shall be off the premises from 12 to 1 or from 1 to 2 o'clock. They must have their fun outside. Not that that matters very much to boys, after all. They can, and do, amuse themselves just as well in the open air as under a roof.

PROHIBITED BY THE POLICE.

Two or three years ago there was an outbreak of football in the streets of certain towns, the players being lads who were engaged in works and offices. This behaviour, however, did not meet with the approval of the police, who issued a notice prohibiting the practice. Such playing as is indulged in now has to take place on plots of waste ground, or the strong arm of the law is quickly shot forth. From time to time boys have ignored the fiat respecting football in public thoroughfares, and for their temerity have been haled before the magistrate.

A similar edict has been published with regard to playing "tip it" in the streets of certain districts of Yorkshire. "What," somebody asks, "is 'tip it'?" Merely a glorified form of the school game, "Which hand is it in?" Instead, however, of only two players, there are six or eight or more. Sides having been formed, one takes the button or other article. Then its members pass it to and fro among themselves, and finally extend their hands, closed. The rest can be imagined, though it may be as well to say that whatever is competed for is not won or lost at the first "round." A certain number is fixed upon as "up."

Does "tip it" strike you as a fascinating game? Anyhow, it used to be played in the streets of some of the factory towns of the great northern heart of England. Regularly it was to be seen, not only in the dinner-hour, but at other times. In some cases boys had only joined in, whereas in others not an adult was included in the party. Gone now are all these groups, for the stern interference of the law will not allow them to be constituted.

SOMETIMES A PAINFUL PASTIME.

In other towns more localised games are commonly played in the dinner-hour—with the permission of the police. Take, for instance, that which has long amused mid-day loungers on the Liverpool Landing Stage. One of a dozen or more boys, turns his face to the wall and bends down. Somebody then gives him a sounding whack. Round he wheels instantly—if, by a trifling error of judgment on the part of the striker, the pain is not too acute. Little accidents will happen despite the utmost care. The boy struck, however, has to make a guess as to who hit him. If he is right, the striker is "down"; if he is wrong, he must turn round again and receive another whack.

It is a good game, this, so regularly played on the American voyager's terminus. Very amusing is it, too, to watch, not the lads engaged in it, but the adult lookers-on. Desperately hard as they try to conceal their amusement, they cannot help showing that there is a good deal of the boy in them still.

Mistaken.

An excited orator singled out from his audience a little foreigner, who seemed much impressed, and thus addressed him:

"Brother, didn't you come to this country to escape from a tyrannical, downtrodden, and oppressed nation? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed to all? Didn't you, brother?"

He paused for a reply; and the little foreigner squeaked out:

"No; I comes to dis country to sell cheap ready-made clothes."

DRILL-SERGEANT: "Hold up your head, Number Three!"

Raw Recruit (mournfully): "Oi can't, sorr. Oi owe Private Mulligan foive shillin's, and can't pay him!"

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Why are you crying, my boy?"

Boy: "Please, sir, I l—l—lost m—me ball."

Old Gentleman: "Well, well; don't cry. Here's sixpence to buy another. Now tell me where you lost it?"

Boy: "Please, sir, through the front window of your house, sir."

Need Only Calculate.

A GENTLEMAN, while out shooting in the rural districts of the Highlands, found that his watch had stopped, and entered a farmhouse to inquire the time. Noticing an old grandfather's clock, he said:

"Your clock is surely wrong?"

"Naething wrang wi't," answered the old farmer. "It's you that doesna understand it. When the wee haun's straicht up and the big haun's straicht doon, it strikes ten; but the richt time's five o'clock. Then," he added, "ye've naething to do but calculate."

One Thing Only.

AN old horse dealer was one day called upon by an amateur in search of "something fast."

"There," said the dealer, pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder who would trot her mile in three minutes were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" said the amateur.

"Yes," continued the dealer; "she is four years old this spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first-rate mare, and she can go a mile in three minutes were it not for one thing!"

"What is it?" was the query.

"That mare," resumed the dealer, "is in every way a good mare; she trots square and fair, and yet there is one thing only why she can't go a mile in three minutes."

"What is it, then?" cried the amateur impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time," was the old man's reply.

Hurrah FOR THE New Volume!

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THE late Dr. Ryle, formerly Bishop of Liverpool, was educated at Eton. He was in the Eleven, and made a name as an athlete.

—*—

HERR JULIUS SEETH, the lion-tamer, once had a hand to hand—or hand to claw—tussle with some of his savage friends in Barcelona. He is a man of immense strength, and he therefore managed to get out of the cage alive; but with over a score of wounds to show for his adventure.

—*—

CAPTAIN SLOCUM, on his lonely voyage round the world, used to hold conversations with himself, or with imaginary people, calling out the number of bells, etc., in order that he should not forget how to speak. But he dropped the practice after a little while, as it only made him feel more lonely.

—*—

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, the Commander-in-Chief on the China station, had his first experience of the "Flowery Land" when he was quite a boy. He was midshipman of H.M.S. *Calcutta's* launch when it sank during the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in Fatshan Creek, and in the same year he also took part in the capture of Canton.

—*—

WRITING about the present Duke of Teck in 1870 his mother, Princess Mary, said "Adolphus is quite the boy; delights in horses and dogs, and is a sturdy little John Bull." Two years later she wrote, "Dolly and Frank are splendid specimens of boyhood, the one golden-haired, and the other chestnut brown, and fully answer to their sister's appellation of 'Beauty Boys.'" Their sister was, of course, the present Duchess of York.

—*—

WHEN Sir Arthur Sullivan was eight years old the rector of a neighbouring village was murdered, and his goods were put up to auction. Sullivan's mother took him to the sale, and lost sight of him for a time. Then, to her surprise, a friend came and told her that Arthur was bidding. He had already acquired a pair of leather hunting breeches (of course many sizes too large for him) for 1s. 6d.; a flat candlestick, some snuffers, and a sofa. The auctioneer had to take the things back, as young Sullivan explained that he had seen other people nodding their heads and saying "sixpence," and so he thought he might as well do the same.

—*—

THE late Lord Loch passed two years of his life as a middy in the Royal Navy, but left that service for the army. He had some very exciting experiences, which have already been described in "CHUMS," (Vol. II., pp. 567 and 589) as a prisoner in the hands of the Chinese, who treated him brutally. Lord Loch used to say that he would have left China a one-armed man had it not been for the greed of one of his gaolers. Owing to the tightness of the cords which bound him, Loch lost all feeling in his left arm, and the hand became terribly swollen. On one of the fingers he had a ring, to which the gaoler took a fancy. In order to obtain possession of it he had to suck the finger and munch it with his teeth until it was sufficiently softened for the ring to come off. This restored circulation in the limb, and so, no doubt, prevented Lord Loch from losing it altogether.

THIS Week's issue of CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL contains an article entitled "All About the Chinese Empress,"

which "Chums" will find particularly interesting at the present moment. Among many notable contributions the same number includes the following:—

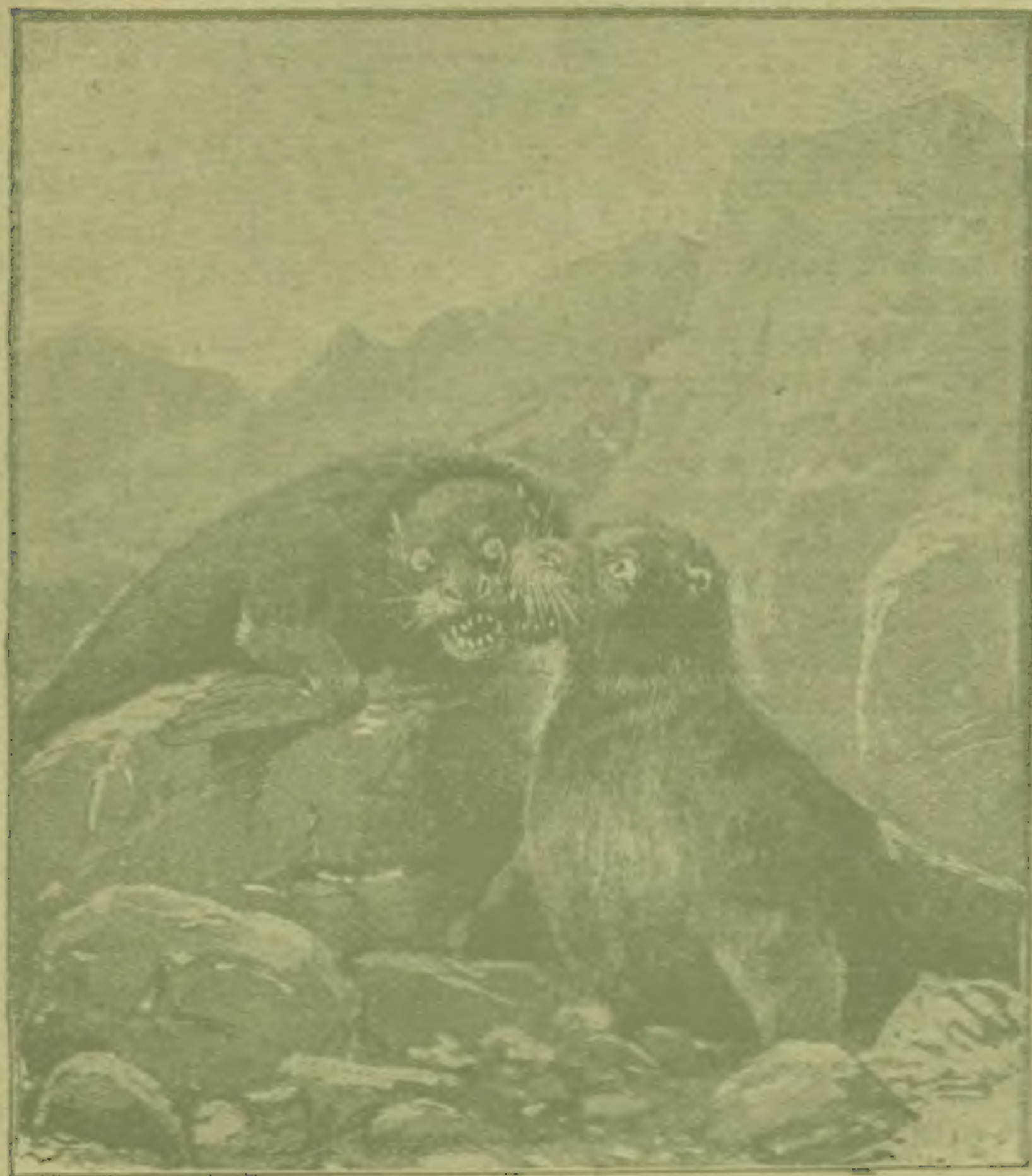
"Personation" at Athletic Sports"; "When Our Fighters Come Home"; "That Old Lady, the British Constitution"; "Penalties Paid by Fashion's Slaves"; "Fitting Out Mr. Bill Sikes"; and Two Complete Stories. A further instalment is also given of HUAN MEE'S thrilling Serial, "A WEB OF TRACHERY"; while the writer of the series, "In the Wake of Unclaimed Millions," deals with "Dividends Left in the Bank of England." Six of the Coupons issued in connection with the New Series of Splendid FINE ART PLATES now in preparation have already appeared; and Coupon No. 7 will be given in a fortnight's time. 221 Free Cycling Insurance Claims, including Four for £100 each, have been paid. Weekly, price 1d. CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED; and all Booksellers.

WHEN IN QUEST OF FURS.

Hunters Must Face Many Perils.

By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S., Author of "A Popular History of Animals," &c.

THE goods that stock the furrier's shop come from all parts of the world. Asia, Africa, and America send contributions to minister to our comfort or love of luxury and display. The dealers have furs to suit all purses—from the sea-otter for



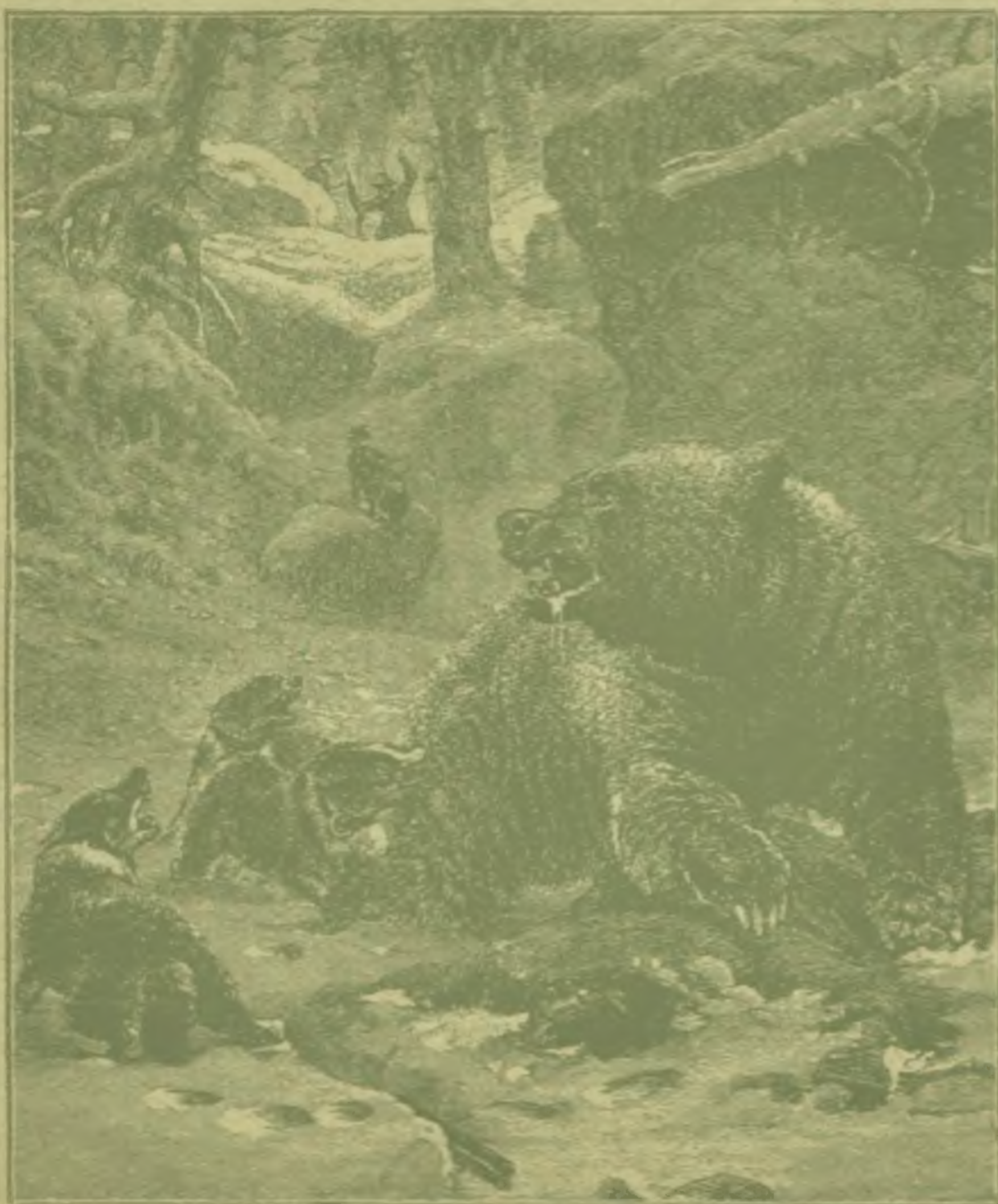
A BATTLE BETWEEN SEALS.

millionaires to the fox and cat and rabbit within the reach of all. In the old days the trapper's life was adventurous to a much greater degree than it is now, when the business of hunting is carried on in a very matter-of-fact way, and the weapons of the hunter give him such great superiority over his game that the chances are all in his favour.

The finest fur in general use is undoubtedly "sealskin," the soft under-fur of some species of seal, chiefly from northern regions, both in the Old World and the New. When the skins are sent to London to be dressed they present an appearance far different from that which is so much admired in sealskin cloaks, and coats, and other articles of dress. The long hair has to be removed, and then the skins are dyed, and dressed in various ways, before they are fit for exhibition in the shop windows.

The sealers do not suffer any great hardships, nor are they exposed to any great dangers; for the animals are driven in herds to the killing grounds, and there despatched and skinned with as little ceremony as if they were sheep for the market.

But the old seals have terrible fights among themselves, and their skins for this reason are of little value. The first illustration shows the manner in which their conflicts are carried on. Their fights are duels—personal encounters between two combatants. Elliott, who visited



BRUIN AT BAY.

Alaska as the Commissioner of the United States Government, says they usually approach each other with their heads turned on one side, till one makes a grip (as the seal on the low ground in the picture has done). Then he holds on like a bulldog, and shakes and worries his foe, who is quite at his mercy; for the great flippers can offer no defence, and nothing but sheer strength can free the victim, who always retires with an ugly wound, for the sharp teeth tear out deep gutters in the skin and blubber.

Bearskins, for the most part, come from America. Our illustration represents a scene which shows that the procuring of these skins is not unattended with danger. The dogs have worried the quarry from its lair and driven it into the open, so that the hunters might have a fair chance. But the foremost of the men, in his hurry to have the first shot, stumbled and fell in the soft snow, giving the bear an opportunity to turn. The dogs, however, were close at his heels, and though they can do it no serious damage, yet their snapping and yelping will occupy its attention till the men who are seen in the distance can hurry up and settle matters by a well-directed shot.

A wounded bear is a very formidable adversary. Some years ago, Lord Edward St. Maur was attacked in India by a bear which he had wounded, and which charged him, seized him by the knee, and mauled him so badly that the leg had to be cut off. But the operation was not successful, and Lord St. Maur died a few days afterwards.

Colonel Valentine Baker had a narrow escape from a wounded bear in Ceylon. He had shot the animal behind the shoulder, and had thrust the hard wood loading-rod into the wound. He was surprised at the animal's strength after being so wounded, and shouted for help to his brother, Sir James Baker, who was close by. Sir James came running up, and gave the beast a blow across the skull with a heavy hunting knife, a weapon on which he placed great reliance. His blow cleft the bear's head, and released Colonel Baker from an awkward predicament.

The skin of the Polar bear is chiefly used for making rugs, and in America robes or cloaks for sleighing. Greenland yields the best skins; for the natives hunt these bears when the skins are in the best winter condition, and they are very



THE GUEREZA MONKEY AT HOME.

which are found on land, but from the fact that the chase is carried on by the natives, who are not so well armed as the more skilled hunters of civilised countries would be. But for all this the Eskimo hunters are generally successful. They usually hunt in company, and when a bear is sighted on the ice the dogs are set upon the trail, the men following so as to keep them in view. When the dogs come up with the bear they drive him to bay, generally at the foot of a mass of ice. When the hunters, who are armed with stout, sharp lances, arrive, one of them makes a feint at the bear, which turns toward its foe, thus leaving the other side exposed. The second hunter takes advantage of this opportunity and inflicts a deep thrust with his spear, which disables and often kills the bear.

The men in the whaling ships sometimes bring young Polar bears from the Arctic regions, and sell them to dealers in wild beasts or to the managers of zoological gardens. Our illustration is from a photograph, taken in the London Zoological Gardens, of two fine Polar bears at feeding time.

From the northern parts of Europe and Asia come a good many of the furs obtained from smaller

animals, such as ermine, squirrels, etc., which are usually trapped, so that there is a contest of skill between the hunter and his game. Most people know that the beautiful ermine fur—forming part of the official robes of the judges—is the winter dress of the stoat, which is brownish red in summer. Stoats do not usually change colour in England, though white specimens are occasionally met with.

The Guereza monkey, of which an illustration is given on this page, is a native of Africa, where numbers of this species are killed every year for their

POLAR BEARS IN CAPTIVITY.
(Photo: Cassell & Company, Limited.)

careful in flaying them, and in preventing the oil from giving a yellow tint to the white hair.

In obtaining these skins there is more risk to the hunters. This does not arise from the fact that the Polar bear is more savage than the species

skins. The colours are black and white, and one would suppose that these were sufficiently striking to make them visible from a long distance. But it is very hard to detect them in the tree-tops which they frequent, for the long hair closely resembles the drooping moss, which you may see in the picture to the left of the monkey, and above and behind it. Some of the African tribes are extremely fond of this showy fur, which is also highly valued in Europe and America for muffs and trimmings.

That Was All.

"So you are complaining again," said the head of the firm to one of his junior clerks.

"Well, yes; I have been slightly dissatisfied."

"You want shorter hours, I understand."

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Far be it from me to desire you to tamper with the present chronological system. I am entirely content to have the hours retain their present length. Fewer of them, as applied to my daily period of service, are what I wish."

Tricking the Trickster.

A WELL-KNOWN professor once paid a visit to a conjurer's entertainment. On entering with the crowd he felt somebody at his coat pocket, and expected to find his handkerchief gone. Instead of this, however, he found two wooden dolls there.

on the spot if you'll show me how you did that trick."

"My dear good sir," was the reply, "if you would give me fifty pounds down on the spot I wouldn't show you how I did it."

And the professor promptly passed out.

Once More.

A CERTAIN very argumentative individual was travelling to town with a friend of his. When they had reached their destination, the latter, on leaving him, said:

"Good day, Mr. —. You have contradicted me seventy-nine times during the journey."

"I have not," indignantly answered the other.

"That is the eightieth time," said the friend. "Good day."

Doubtful.

URON the accession of the Emperor of Russia to the throne, he was appointed colonel-in-chief of the Royal Scots Greys.

After the appointment had been duly announced, an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his soldier servant.

"Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Donald. "It's a verra gran' thing for him." Then, after a pause, he inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep baith places, do you think?"

Cured Him.

IN a certain large "fancy" goods shop was an assistant whose habit, when first meeting a customer, was to bend his head down in a listening attitude so as to show his curly hair and prominent parting down the centre.

Once it happened that two American gentlemen stepped into the shop, and this assistant advanced to serve them.

After a few seconds of painful silence, one of them looked at him and said:

"Waal, stranger, I guess that parting of yours is as straight as any I have seen; but I just want to see some other novelties at present."

The assistant was thrown into indescribable confusion, and was never known to repeat the habit.

Couldn't Tell.

"MR. CHROME," said a young artist to a more celebrated painter with whom he was on friendly terms, "I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and should like to have your opinion of them."

The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them; so, opening the studio, the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said:

"There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old-fashioned photograph; the other is a painting of an aunt of mine, doing some needlework."

The painter, after adjusting his eyeglasses and looking carefully at the paintings for a moment, turned and asked:

"Which one did you say was your father?"

A VERY little fellow has a very lively tongue, and talks so much at meals that on a recent occasion, when there were to be guests at the table, his elder brother bribed him with sixpence to be still.

After ten minutes of silence the little boy whispered anxiously to his brother:

"Arthur, Arthur, mayn't I talk a penny worth?"

Ye Crimson Clue: a Very Old Legend.

"BER-LUDD," EXCLAIMED YE CAPTAIN OF YE NIGHT-WATCH; "TRULY THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT CRIME."

"Oh," thought he, "no doubt the conjurer is going to make game of me by pretending that he has conjured these dolls into my pocket, but I think I'll alter that."

The two dolls were promptly transferred to the pockets of a stout gentleman in front, and from him the original victim of the conjurer's confederate took care to sit at a distance. By-and-by the conjurer, pretending to throw dolls about among the audience, said, pointing to the professor:

"I think if that gentleman will do me the favour to look in his pocket he will find that he has got the dolls."

Standing up in his stall and turning his back, the learned man pulled out the linings of his coat pockets and showed them in an empty state. Then, turning round, he said:

"No, I don't carry about dolls in my pocket; but I shouldn't wonder if that stout gentleman yonder found a doll or two in his."

The stout gentleman was a little irritable.

"What, me, sir? What do you mean, sir? I carry dolls!"

Then he put his hands into his pocket and produced the dolls with a look of amazement and horror. The audience were convulsed. But, oh, the poor conjurer! How heavily the wheels of his entertainment seemed to drag all the night afterwards! As the professor was passing out, a boy said his employer would be greatly obliged by an interview in his private room.

"By all means," said the professor. Pale and looking careworn, the conjurer grasped his hand.

"My dear good sir, I'll give you five pounds down



HE LOST NO TIME IN FOLLOWING UP YE CLUE, PURSUED BY YE WHOLE TOWN IN EAGER EXPECTATION.



AND HEINRICH, THE PAINTER, WHOSE POT LEAKED, STILL MARVELS AT YE GOODLIE COMPANY WHICH APPEARED AT HIS HEELS, AND THEN MELTED SUDDENLY AWAY.

JERRY DODDS: MILLIONAIRE.

A School Yarn of Mirth and Roguery.

By H. BARROW-NORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF DORMITORY THREE,"
"GOMBURG'S REVENGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WAY OF
TRANSGRESSORS.

WHEN the nectarine party so disastrously brought its raid to a conclusion by its headlong retreat from the Priory garden, its troubles were, by no means at an end, serious though they had already proved to one or two of the party. To return to them for a few minutes, it will be well to follow their further interesting career during that fateful night.

As they dashed out one by one through the gateway, and across the short open space leading to the larch plantation beyond, they paused not to think or speak till they were well away from that terrible eye which had shone forth on them with such silent and accusing force. Sparrow, who led, was the first one to call a halt in his mad flight; coming to a low stretch of wooden fence which guarded a patch of marshy ground, he shot headlong over it, and sitting up in the bog beyond looked around, weakly calling on Whiting.

Turning, at that forlorn appeal, as he scudded along to the left, Whiting drew up instantly, and locating the sound ran towards it. The light bar of the fence, it is true, was not very visible in the darkness, besides being unexpected, and Whiting, a second later, diving in a violent somersault over the steep edge of the bog, sat with his chum.

As they scrambled forth, Firkin, lurching heavily along, came in view, and drawing calmly up on the edge of the small morass, surveyed them curiously.

"Is that you, Sparrow and Whiting?" he asked.

"What is left of us," replied Sparrow dolefully.

"Oh, Firkin, what a night we are having! I wish I'd never come!"

"So do I," said Whiting miserably.

"I'm all right," said Firkin calmly; "though some of you seem to have been catching it. You ought always to take things coolly."

As he spoke, Toplady and Pridgitt hove darkly in view, running rapidly. The latter, indeed, was more audible than visible as he coursed along in sodden clothes from his mishap in the fishpond, his well-filled shoes giving forth a noisy squeak with each pace, somewhat like the sucking of an empty pump.

Wasting no time, however, in futile discussion as they met each other, they hurried along to the plantation, where Cobbe and Johnson, who had just been joined by Pike, awaited them anxiously. Soon the whole party were returning as quickly as they dared trot, with Pridgitt wheezing plaintively in the rear at each stride. There was no thought of a pause till they were safely out of the wood; but reaching the distant gateway at last they drew up.

For a second nothing but the deep breathing of each one could be heard; but at length, drawing

forth a match, Cobbe struck it and looked around. As it flared up in the darkness it revealed for an instant the circle of faces around; then his trembling fingers had dropped it, and darkness once more mercifully hid the sight from his gaze. To the left, Pike had wildly glared at him with bleeding nose, the skin all peeled from the bridge; by his side stood Pridgitt, wet through from head to foot, and dishevelled and green as a water-witch from the minute adhering leaves of a kind of floating duckweed which clung to him; while beyond, two pairs of owl-like looking eyes stared up at him from heads that apparently belonged to Sparrow and Whiting, though they hardly looked human,

into the fishpond; you did that entirely of your own free will."

"Did I?" asked Pridgitt fiercely. "Ho!" And he said no more, though his deep breathing could be heard distinctly.

"I'll tell you what I think we ought to do," said Firkin in the midst of an unpleasant pause. "What do you say if we knock Pompey Brass up, and get him to tidy us a bit and dry Pridgitt's and Sparrow's and Whiting's clothes?"

An approving shout of glee came from the whole party at the happy suggestion; and even Pridgitt could be heard saying that it was not a bad idea.

Resuming their march once more, with considerably revived spirits, they reached the outlying coach-house, and soon aroused Pompey by throwing pebbles at the window above. A minute later his head popped through and he looked down.

"Who's dat below?" he asked.

"It's us, Pomp," declared Cobbe with thoughtless lapse of grammar. "Come down for pity's sake, Pompey, and let us in."

"Dat you, Tom Rochester—and Macpherson?" asked Pompey in a hurried undertone.

"No," rejoined Cobbe. "They are sound asleep in bed, worse luck. It is the rest of our party, Pomp, who have been out, and got into an awful pickle. Hurry up—or rather down, there's a good chap, and let us in."

"You wait a minute, boys," came Pompey's astonished rejoinder; "I'll be down d'reckly. You jes' stan' dere, and doan' make no noise. Gracious goodness!" they could hear him saying to himself as he hurriedly dressed, "what's dey bin up to dis time?"

A minute later he was down and opening the door.

"Come in, boys," he invited. "Dat you, Jack Cobbe? Eight ob you! And one o'clock in de mawnin'! Boys, boys, dis berry bad! Yo'se missin' yo' beauty sleep to-night fer sho'. Dish yer's no time fer chil'run ob yo'r age to be out."

"We know that," replied Cobbe penitently; "and you won't catch us at it again in a hurry, take my word. It's been a lesson to us, Pomp, and there's no need to talk."

"Well, I's berry glad to heah dat; berry!" said Pompey as he turned and led the way.

Trooping up the narrow stairs they gained the room, Johnson closing the door below; and here Pompey struck a match and lighted the candle. For a moment as he trimmed the wick with muttered exclamations of welcome, he did not look around, and the party waited silently; then, as he placed the candlestick in the centre of the neat little table which stood to one side of the spotlessly clean room, he looked around. As he did so he staggered back with a visage of the most extravagant amazement. Holding up his hands he looked again.

"Fore hebben, bcys!" he gasped. "Whar you bin?"

"You may well ask, Pompey," said Cobbe. "And yet we only went for a few nectarines."

In three or four more minutes the whole details of the dubious scheme had been explained to Pompey, and as he listened his eyes opened wider and wider.

"Boys," he asked, "did yo' say it was a bull's eye lan't'n dat shone on yo'?"

"Yes," said Cobbe. "Just such another as your

smear'd as they were to the very shoulders with a hideous yellow mud such as one occasionally sees in drains and ditches.

"Great heavens, boys!" faltered Cobbe. "What shall we do?"

"You see how it is," declared Pridgitt in a tone of angry reproach. "What did Toplady and I say? Didn't we try to persuade you off it? And yet you would come."

"Well, it's no good growling over it, Pridgitt," declared Johnson; "there are others quite as badly off as you."

"And anyhow," said Cobbe, "if we asked you to come for the nectarines, we didn't ask you to run

"THE THREE MEN TOOK THEIR CHANCE" (p. 810).

We can't return to school like

ing up his hands he looked again.

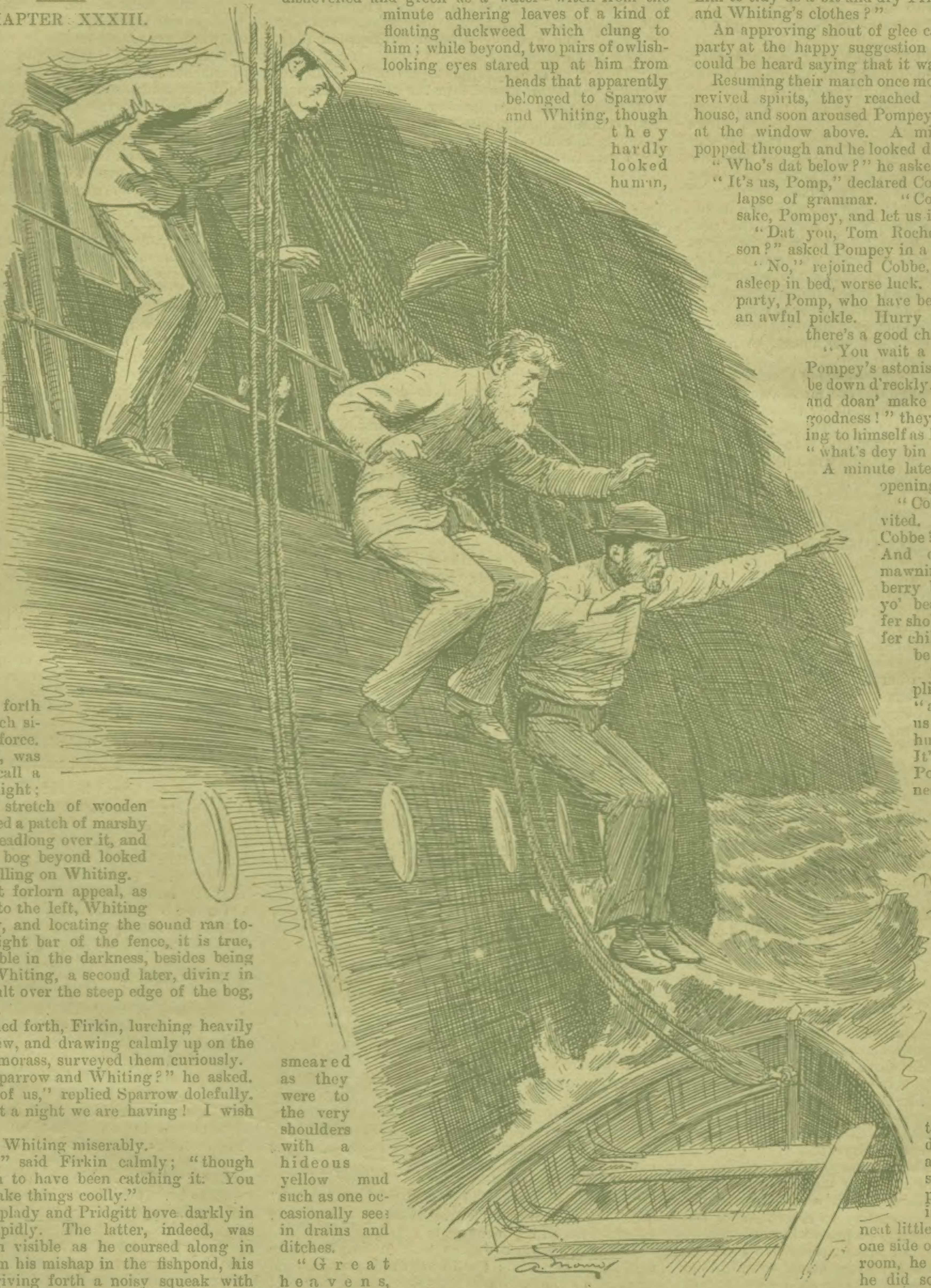
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"Yes," said Cobbe. "Just such another as your



own, Pompey, only brighter. I was never so surprised in my life."

"An' did yo' say Tom Rochester and Dugal' Macpherson didn't go 'long with yo'?" asked Pompey curiously.

"Yes," replied Cobbe. "We didn't hardly like to ask them, as we thought they might not approve of it; and so we left them behind. I've wished a dozen times I was with them."

"And yo' didn't stop to see who shined dat lantern?" asked Pompey.

"You bet we didn't!" replied Cobbe emphatically. "There we were one minute all together in the corner, jawing over something; then click! the thing was shining on us like a naval searchlight, and we were scattering quicker than a charge of buckshot. Pike there bumped against an apple tree; Pridgitt ran into the fishpond round the fountain; and Sparrow and Whiting brought up on their heads in a yellow bog-hole outside, so Firkin says. There they are!"

Pompey Brass leaned back as he looked again, his great sides shaking silently for an instant as he held them; then a fit of noisy laughter broke from him again and again as he threw his head back and displayed a capacious cavern of a mouth set round with two great rows of white and shining teeth. His black, shining face and sparkling eyes gave forth such an e'ate and infectious merriment that soon even the unfortunate party itself was unable to refrain from joining in the fun.

At length Pompey Brass recovered himself with a last noisy guffaw; though still at times the recurrence of some amusing idea seemed likely to send him off again.

"Boys," he declared, "you leab it to me; I'll put yo' right, nebbah feah! Don' you upset yo'selves, I'll fix yo', sartin shuah."

Lighting a fire with a great heap of wood, he soon had a roaring fire streaming up the chimney; and after Pridgitt had undressed and attired himself for the time being in a blanket, his clothes were rapidly dried. Sparrow and Whiting too were somewhat similarly treated downstairs; in the stable below their stained apparel was first well rinsed in huge mugs of water, and then sent to join Pridgitt's; they themselves, meanwhile submitting to a vigorous shampooing of their heads and necks beneath the tap, by Cobbe and Johnson; who whistled as they performed the operation like an ostler when he grooms a horse. Pike's nose was bathed and carefully decorated with a neat strip of plaster; and by half past two o'clock in the morning, after a supper of hot coffee and bread-and-butter at the expense of Pompey, who never ceased to grin during the whole proceedings, they prepared to return to school, much less penitent than in truth they ought to have been.

Here, however, a fresh and disturbing misfortune speedily brought them to a right frame of mind. During this long interval Rochester and Macpherson, after their mysterious discovery, had safely returned; and all unwitting of the non-arrival of the party had carefully bolted and locked the door once more.

For a time, in the wild consternation of this discovery, the feelings of the once more wretched party of law-breakers can be better imagined than described. But at length, after a mournful conference over this last dismal plight that their misdoings had brought them to, Pike daringly volunteered to climb up the ivy to the open window of the chemistry room.

Having thus successfully and burglariously entered the house, he once more descended and admitted the woebegone party about three o'clock in the morning, each one of them now in as penitent a mood as the most rigorous disciplinarian could have wished.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LAST REQUITAL.

To turn to an event which was shortly to exercise a startling and sinister effect on the hitherto smooth working of the subtle plot with which the reader is familiar, it will be necessary to return for a few minutes to two important characters in our story.

The *Northumbria* had almost completed a smooth and unusually successful passage home, and had long since passed Finisterre. It was on a certain dark night, indeed, that before turning in for probably their last night aboard, "Kimberley" Dodds and the man with whom he was so strangely associated had met by chance and stood together looking ahead for the distant Ushant light.

During their trip the two had seen each other daily, though by a tacit understanding no further intercourse concerning the kidnapped boy had taken place. The millionaire was unquestionably convinced that Jerry was alive; and he shrewdly suspected that no interrogations of his own, however cleverly plied, would succeed in gaining any clue from such a skilful and diplomatic rogue as he saw Hill to be; he

was therefore prepared to await the course of events. Strange to say, a certain odd respect seemed to have sprung up in the minds of the two men for each other, and they conversed frequently. No one aboard to see them would have dreamed of the strange link which bound them together.

As they stood together in the pitchy darkness of the night, looking ahead for the long-expected light, each man was thinking of the imminent realisation of his hopes, connected though dissimilar, and in the breast of each a throb of eager anticipation rang, though he carefully hid it.

"To-morrow night ought to see us landed," remarked Hill, as he leaned over the side with his face to the keen night wind, looking with watchful eyes into the almost opaque blackness before him.

Dodds nodded.

"I suppose so," he remarked simply.

They had stood there for half an hour or more with scarcely a word; but each man still lingered, held by some vague attraction of the other. The throb of the engines and the surge of the water alongside were all that was heard for a time; then Hill spoke again.

"Odd that we don't sight the light," he remarked. "The captain declared that we should see it long before this. If we—"

He paused suddenly. From the look-out ahead came a quick and startling shout. The hurried rush of a footstep on the bridge was heard, and the sharp ring of the engine-room bell. Throughout the vessel a sudden thrill seemed to pass. Then Hill, with a cry, pointed ahead.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed. "Look! Look!"

As he spoke a jagged ridge of rock loomed suddenly into view. At the same instant there came an appalling and rending crash that sounded as though the very bottom were being ripped from the boat; then with a horrible, half-drunken lurch she drew up.

For a moment through the wild wail of hopeless terror that ascended, the two men eyed each other with a fixed and awful stare.

"Quick, man!" cried Dodds suddenly. "Have you anything to save?"

"Not below—even if it were a fortune," said Hill coolly. "She is foundering now."

Dodds clutched his arm with an earnest look.

"The boy!" he gasped. "If anything happens to either of us?"

"We keep together," said Hill calmly.

"Agreed!" cried the millionaire. "You swim?"

"Not a stroke!" replied Hill.

Turning away they hurried aft. The hoarse cries of the officers and men and the shrieks of passengers made a babel baffling description; but through it all the crew were working with a will.

Boat after boat on the starboard side, to which there was a heavy list, was launched and rapidly filled, two of them foundering in the choppy sea around, amid the harrowing cries of their occupants. Still boat after boat swung from the davits, as the vessel sank lower and lower with a heavy helpless roll. It was evident that a few minutes would seal her fate; but still no chance came for the two men amid the wild rush for places.

Seizing his companion as he stood with an alert, self-possessed look on his face, the millionaire drew him away.

"We must help ourselves," he declared; "there is no time to waste."

Turning away to the deserted port side they found a boat which swung from a pair of davits, though almost uselessly from the list of the boat. A third man, one of the crew, passed them at a run, and drew up for a moment as he saw them loosing it with deft hands.

"She'll never float!" he cried.

"A thousand pounds to you if we launch her!" said the millionaire. "Come, man, give a hand; we are three strong men."

Jumping forward with a sudden impulse, the man lent a hand, and the tackle ran loose. As she crashed on the bulwarks the three swung her off; and bumping noisily she descended at a run, catching the fierce roll of the sea to windward, but floating.

Jumping together the three men took their chance. The sailor and Dodds alighted safely, but Hill, striking the side of the boat as it rocked fiercely, fell headlong backward.

Plunging after him, the millionaire clutched him tenaciously and again reached the boat, to which both men clung desperately. Clambering in with the help of the sailor, the rescuer turned to Hill, who still hung to the side. As he did so the boat swung with a sickening thud against the vessel, and

he saw Hill's eyes close in a gasp of agony. A second more, however, and they had hauled him aboard. Pushing off with the one oar that lay in the boat, they drew round the stern, the man sculling rapidly, and the set of the sea sweeping them quickly away.

It was none too soon. As they looked, a shower of sparks ascended; the *Northumbria* slid from the ridge, and with a dull explosion of her boilers, disappeared. Around, as a fresh breeze sent them eastward, not a soul was to be seen.

Turning to Hill where he lay limply in the bottom of the boat, Dodds knelt before him. In the faint light he could see his companion's face wore a deathly pallor, while from his mouth a fleck of blood was smeared.

"Are you hurt?" he asked eagerly as he raised him, and laid him in a more comfortable position.

He saw Hill's eyes open wearily.

"Crushed," he gasped hoarsely. "Something wrong inside." He tapped his chest weakly. "It was the boat."

His face, notwithstanding his agony, still expressed some of his old sangfroid; and as his companion moved him carefully he smiled faintly.

"Odd," he murmured, "that you—should be helping me." Suddenly his eyes closed again, and his breath came with a horrible gurgle.

The hue of death lay on his face, and as his companion watched him a chill stole to his heart. A faint indistinguishable murmur came from the wounded man's lips. It sounded like a prayer. Then he paused.

Dodds bent over.

"Hill!" he whispered. The glassy eyes of the wounded man opened. "The boy! Where is he?"

A dull stare came back; then suddenly a look of terror spread across the face.

"The boy"—came a faint whisper—"Ah, yes—the boy!" For a moment his face was agitated with the violent effort to speak, and a fainter whisper came from his lips. "Your brother!" he gasped. "Farron Dodds. Seek him at—"

The voice had become an attenuated whisper scarcely audible; and "Kimberley" Dodds bent agonisingly to catch the words. A faint sound came, hardly distinguishable, but yet familiarly,

"Chesswood Priory!" repeated Dodds vaguely.

A contented smile for a moment flickered on the face below him, and was gone; a faint quiver followed; and Hill's last breath had passed in this world.

(To be concluded next week.)

Settled.

A CHARACTERISTIC incident of Lord Charles Beresford is related concerning his early career in the Navy. Many years ago, when he was a middy in the *Marlborough*, there was a ship's corporal—a big, bullying fellow—whose duty it was to awaken the little middies every morning.

On one occasion he did this so roughly as to completely overturn young Beresford's hammock and to upset him upon the floor. The boy sprang to his feet.

"Now, look here," he said, "you're a very big chap, and you can box a bit, and so you think you're cock of the walk in this ship. Very well, you come up on deck—no one's about—and we'll have it out, and settle once for all who really is cock of the ship."

So up on deck walked the big bully, practically a full-grown man, and the little midddy, and set to. Those who witnessed the fight declare they never saw a better one in their lives; but the corporal was no longer cock of the walk on board the *Marlborough*.

Box: "The fishing round here ain't what it used to be. The fish are either getting better sense or worse appetites."

A YOUNGSTER was requested to write a composition on the zebra, and to mention what it is used for. After deep reflection he wrote:

"The zebra is like a horse only striped. It is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z."

Two boys were quarrelling, and one was pouring forth a torrent of abuse, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Have you finished?"

"Yes."

"You ain't got anything more to say?"

"No."

"Well, all the things what you called me you are."

FROM SCHOOL ELEVEN TO COUNTY CRICKET.

A Chat with Mr. V. F. S. Crawford.

THERE are few cricketers in whom public school boys are more interested than Mr. V. F. S. Crawford; and certainly there is no exponent of the summer game of whom more will be expected within the next year or so than this dashing batsman, who, despite his youth, has already become one of the mainstays of the county of Surrey. Although Mr. Crawford's name has been before the public for some considerable time now, it is not long since he was at school himself. As a matter of fact, he has only lately turned twenty-one.

Mr. Vivian Frank Shergold Crawford was educated at Whitgift Grammar School, where his success with the bat and the ball was astonishing enough to bring him fame when he had only just passed the knickerbocker age. Perhaps no one, with the exception of the immortal "W. G.," ever did so well with the bat as a boy as Mr. Crawford. He was a prodigious compiler of centuries long before he had finished his education, and even at the tender age of thirteen he was playing against some of the strongest clubs in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It is on record that he scored within a space of six years no fewer than 13,832 runs.

Mr. Crawford had just retired with 122 not out to his credit—Surrey were opposing Oxford University—when I happened (writes a representative) to come across him in the pavilion at Kennington Oval. The result was a little talk for "Chums"—of which you will be glad to know this famous batsman has long been a regular reader.

"I believe you were a cricket enthusiast when you were scarcely able to crawl, Mr. Crawford," I began. "Was that so?"

"Well," Mr. Crawford replied, "I certainly seem to have always been playing. At the time when I could only just hold a bat I was generally to be found with one in my hands, and it was the same with my two young brothers."

Mr. Crawford, it should be observed, is an hereditary cricketer. Proficiency at the great game runs in the Crawford family. Run-getting runs in their blood. The Crawfords can no more help making the hairs of bowlers grow grey than the average youth can help making himself ill at the tuck shop. Mr. Crawford's father—the Rev. J. C. Crawford—was a county player himself; and not only do two other male members of the family—younger brothers of "V. F. S."—show great promise (one of them was responsible for a fine innings of 243 for the Surrey Colts the other day), but even the lady members of the family are adepts at the game. The sisters of "V. F. S." play cricket in the most serious fashion. They bat well, and actually go in for over-hand bowling. It is also interesting to remember, in view of Mr. Frank Crawford's tremendous hitting powers—as a ball-banger he has few equals—that the head of this distinguished family was a noted hitter.

"Now, Mr. Crawford," I said presently, "to what do you attribute your success as a boy? There are thousands of Chums who want to follow in your footsteps."

"I really fail to see how I can answer that question," Mr. Crawford answered. "However, it is very possible that I improved my style of play—to some extent, at all events—by studying the methods of prominent players, for when I was ten years old nothing pleased me more than to sit out a first-class match. If a young batsman has any natural ability, I think that one of the best things he can do is to attend county matches, as by keeping his eyes on the game he can learn the strokes of leading batsmen, and subsequently endeavour to copy them. When I was at Whitgift two or three fellows in the eleven used to come up to the Oval regularly for purposes of study. Whether they benefited by so doing I can't say, but no doubt they did. I suppose I need scarcely remark that one ought always to play against experienced players whenever one can."

Mr. Crawford was a member of the Surrey second eleven when he was sixteen, and he was not much older when he had the rare distinction of being chosen for the county itself. It was also while at school that he was invited to play for the Gentlemen of England against the Players.

"Considering that you appeared before the Surrey crowd when you were a mere lad, Mr. Crawford, your first match must, I should imagine, have been a somewhat terrifying ordeal."

"The fixture was Surrey v. Oxford University, and my sensations, I recollect, were most peculiar—

so much so, indeed, that I can scarcely describe them. I wasn't exactly nervous, yet I can't say that I was quite myself. I was extremely anxious—perhaps over anxious—to do well; that's the only way I can define my feelings."

"Of course, you are not nervous now?"

"No, never; but I always feel better when I've cracked my egg. Getting into double figures doesn't affect me as it does some; it is when I've broken my duck that I feel relieved. No, neither am I in the least embarrassed when the crowd is very big. One hears the criticisms that are passed on one's style of play, but they don't interfere with me in the slightest degree."

Mr. Crawford belongs to the hurricane school of cricketers, and if he cannot please the crowd then surely no one can. Moreover, Mr. Crawford is about the last man in the world who ought to be nervous, seeing what he has done in the past and is doing. One of his most sensational feats was that of capturing six wickets in a match, and then scoring exactly



MR. V. F. S. CRAWFORD.

(Photo: A. Pickering, Leicester.)

300 runs in two hours and three-quarters, his hits comprising three 6's and fifty-four 4's. During his last summer at Whitgift Mr. Crawford scored 1,300 runs, and came out with the splendid average of 79.

"You ought to be able to give some valuable advice to youngsters, Mr. Crawford. By-the-bye, did you in your very early days ever imagine that you might eventually obtain a place in the Surrey Eleven?"

"I always had an ambition to figure in first-class matches, but I never once dreamt that I should be good enough. As regards advice, I really hesitate to offer any. You see my experience of county cricket has been so limited."

"Never mind that, Mr. Crawford. As a boy you did better things than most men can do."

"Well, if you will have it," Mr. Crawford replied, "let us begin with practice. I think that from ten to twenty minutes a day at the nets is quite sufficient for any boy. Further, there is one point that a boy should always observe, and that is that if, as is the case at the nets, nothing depends on the length of the time he keeps up his wicket, he should, nevertheless, play as seriously as he would were he batting in a match. If a boy is only going in to bat for a couple of minutes, he should wear pads and gloves, for even in that short space of time he may easily receive a blow on the knee-cap if his legs are unprotected. Always play the game seriously."

"Are you more in favour of net practice than pick-up games?"

"Well, if you make bad strokes in pick-up games you get out, don't you? That affords a salutary lesson. In net practice the knocking down of your stumps, of course, means nothing. This is where pick-up matches have the advantage over net practice. Yet some people are of opinion that if you bat well

at the net you bat badly in a match. There may be some truth in this. Certainly the net wicket is not always to be relied upon so much as the match wicket, even when it is on the same ground, but personally I like to have a little knock before playing in a match, and I decidedly believe in net practice in moderation."

"In my opinion," Mr. Crawford continued, "one of the first aims of a young batsman should be to learn to field well. What is better to look at than brilliant fielding? I would as soon watch a fine field like Vine any day as watch a good innings. Just consider what an enormous number of runs are saved by good fielding! At some schools there is not half enough fielding practice. Most of the colossal scores that are run up nowadays are due to the missing of catches. Even if a man is only a moderate bat, he stands a capital chance of getting into a county eleven if he is a safe field."

"Do you consider that a first-rate all-round player can retain his form with the bat if he takes to bowling?" (At one period Mr. Crawford was almost as successful with the ball as he was with the bat.)

"At school I think that a boy can safely devote his energies to both batting and bowling. Of course, one ought to try to become efficient in every department of the game, but in county cricket I scarcely think that it is possible for a man to remain for any length of time a first-class bat and a first-class bowler."

"Another point: Would you recommend youngsters to stand up to swift bowling?"

"Not at first. One ought to deal gently with a youngster at the start. If he is inclined to run away, you ought to bowl at a medium pace at his leg stump and make him stand still, instead of going flying around to short leg just because the ball goes near his legs."

"Finally, Mr. Crawford, don't you find these big scores of yours exhausting?"

"Not in the least."

"Not the century you have just scored—didn't that tire you?"

"No. I always feel fresh. The fact is I've been accustomed to an active life. In the winter I keep fit by playing hockey, which is a splendid game for the wind if you play it often enough."

"Fares, Please."

In a tramcar a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares.

When he stood before the boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following:

"Pleathe charge it to my father. I've thwallowed the money."

They All Make Way.

Though man considers the lion the king of beasts, the animals themselves seem to have chosen the elephant for that honour; for when a herd visits a pool to drink all other animals retire to a respectful distance.

Long before I had seen or even heard the elephants (says one South African traveller), I had been warned of their approach by the symptoms of uneasiness displayed by such animals as were drinking at the time.

The giraffe begins to sway his neck to and fro; the zebra utters subdued, plaintive cries; thegnu glides away with noiseless step, and even the ponderous and quarrelsome black rhinoceros, when he has time for reflection, will pull up short to listen. Then, turning round, he listens again, and if he feels satisfied that his suspicions are correct, and that the elephants are coming, he invariably makes off, giving vent to his fear or ire by one of his vicious snorts.

"How do you like this style of cuff?" asked the detective, snapping a pair of steel bracelets on the wrists of the prisoner.

"I am a good deal taken with it," responded the other.

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands; but there the smith no longer wields the sledge with sinewy hands. The olden sign of "Blacksmith's Shop" there greets the eye no more; but "Bysickels Repaired" is seen above the smoky door.

MILLER: "I wonder why Jones wasn't appointed on the jury?"

Muller: "He was rejected on the ground that he couldn't hear both sides."

Miller: "How so?"

Muller: "Why, he is deaf in one ear."

The Editor to his Chums

GENTLEMEN,—I wish to tell you that on Wednesday, August 22nd next, there will be issued from this office the 415th number of this journal, that being the first number of a New Volume. I make the announcement thus baldly because it is in itself one to arouse the interest (and I trust the enthusiasm) of every Chum. Other people, as we know, celebrate the beginning of their year's work at divers dates—the Church in Advent, the rowing men in October, the cricketers in May, the Universities in September; but we at "CHUMS" make August our red letter month; and in August our endeavours to win your favour culminate in the great programme about which I now wish to speak to you. For long weeks now we have been busy here preparing the banquet which, one way and the other, will, we trust, delight our friends during the year to come; for long weeks we have been arranging with authors and artists, planning exciting stories, fixing up brilliant series of articles, devising this scheme, recording that, and all for the benefit of those good friends of ours who are such consistent supporters of the old paper. Let them, then, in their turn, lend a willing ear to us as we open the lists and the trumpet heralds the tournament.

It has been a bad year for most people, Chums—a terrible year of war and massacre and tragedy and horror. For many of us the old habits of work and pleasure exist no more. We have seen the summer go by with little merriment of the summer days. The great gatherings for play, the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, Henley, the public school matches, the feasts and frolics of summer all failed to arouse the old enthusiasm. There is scarce a profession or a calling which has not some doleful tale to tell. Everywhere people speak of loss and depression and dulness. How pleasant, then, to record that "CHUMS" has no such confession to make. Through all the distraction and the stress of other interests, our friends have stood by us. Never has our popularity been greater or the enthusiasm of our supporters more marked. We should be ungrateful indeed if we were not quick to acknowledge this and to express our thanks. We do so, Chums, with every sense of your fidelity, with every appreciation of it; and in preparing for another year's work we remember the generous support we have received, and are determined to surpass ourselves in new efforts to please you. Take my word for it, whatever "CHUMS" has done in the past must take a second place to that which she will do in the year to come.

We must make it a bright year, a year of contrast and of great attainment. The war is over—there may be other wars, and this great Chinese trouble may yet be greater; but we must anticipate the best, and refuse to believe that this long lane of darkness has no turning to the light. In that spirit we here have been working for you during the heat and the burden of the summer. The days have been dark, we have said, but the light is coming. Old "CHUMS" does not sit down to hand wringing and doleful wailing. To be up and busy is our maxim—to go out into the literary market place and buy of the best that the literary merchants have to sell. Come what may, our readers shall not complain of us next year, but shall admit that we have striven hard for victory and have won it.

I write in this confident way just because I know so well by this time what you fellows like and what you dislike. I can even anticipate your letters about this New Volume and answer them almost before the envelopes are torn. Stirring serial stories,

splendid pictures, plenty of thrilling short stories, articles brimful of interest—it would be a sorry day if I went to press without those. And I am not going to press without them—be assured of that at the very start. Now as ever, I have been round to your favourites and have asked their services. "Gentlemen," I have said, "'CHUMS' expects every man to do his duty." When you see the first number of our New Volume, on August 22nd next, you shall tell me if they have done it.

Good serials, then, ay, serials of the highest order I have ever read from the pens of those who write for "CHUMS"—let us speak of those to-day. It's always a pleasant task, boys, to tell you about the thrilling stories which these friends of ours write for us, and the task was never more pleasant than it is on this occasion. For what say you to the name of Mr. George Manville Fenn? Is there a man writing just now whose work you care for more? I'll wager there isn't. As our Waggles would put it, I would stake the buttons off my boots that in the whole of this city of London there is not one name you would hear with greater delight. George Manville Fenn, the prince of adventure writers; George Manville Fenn at his best; George Manville Fenn, who wrote you "The Queen's Scarlet," "Gerard's Jungle," who has written scores of thrilling, holding books—he's the man for our money. And we've bagged him, Chums, we've got him on the list; he's at the top of it—he writes the first of our new serials and calls it "With Bayonet in the Jungle: A Disappearance, a Search, and a Sequel."

It's a ripping yarn with a tragic setting in that land of mysteries, the Malay Jungles. Mr. Manville Fenn knows the Malay Peninsula well; I remember a book of his, perhaps one of the best he ever wrote, which had the same region for its scene. In this present book he has gone one better even than that old story so unforgettable. With Mr. Paul Hardy's illustrations, with daring subalterns for its heroes, with fights against wild beasts, jungle perils, Malay rascality, exciting scenes galore, it would be difficult to imagine a yarn more to your taste. And in pleasing contrast to it is our second serial by Mr. Arthur Rigby, "Pluck Against Peril." Mr. Rigby, I need scarcely remind you, has written for "CHUMS" before. His "Witnessed by One" was a very popular story, so popular that you asked me for another by the same pen—and here you have it. I have only to add that this book concerns the fortunes of a young fellow who comes to London to face a great mystery, and who learns that part of his secret is buried in no less strange a place than our River Thames, upon whose banks our hero is employed. Mr. Rigby (who will deny it?) is a real humourist as well as a tragic writer. He has given us this year of his best—a rattling story with engrossing

situations, a gripping plot, and funny fellows at whose quips we shall hold our sides. Do not miss a word of this yarn, Chums. Compel the other fellows to read it, and remember that we rely upon you to make the good tidings known.

There will be many another good feature in the paper for August 22nd, but I have no space to deal with them now. Suffice it to say that you will open on that morning probably the very finest number of "CHUMS" you have ever seen, and that you will get with it a handsome plate in colours depicting Lord Roberts winning the Victoria Cross. This alone will compel every Chum to hurry up on that red-letter Wednesday and to be sure that he does not miss the old paper. A great day, my masters—I shall speak of it again in next week's chat.

It's out of the question, I am afraid, to consider any letters this week, but there is one correspondent to whom I must say a word, and he is a Chum by the name of Howard, who has recently joined the 18th Hussars. I don't wonder that he speaks so enthusiastically of the service. It's just splendid, he says. Hard work, but not too much of it, and plenty of fun and jollity to reward you. Do your duty, be obedient and respectful, and there's no finer life going than that of a Cavalryman, our Chum declares. We'll assent to that with a hearty "hear, hear," and echo his advice to all young fellows who seek a good career and one wherein life will be well worth living. Join the Army, our Chum says. We say, ditto. You couldn't do better.

* Letters from Chums to the Editor are invited, and if of general interest will be dealt with in these columns.

With Only Small Shot.

A GENTLEMAN who has spent some years in South Africa relates the following. He was out shooting guinea fowl, when he suddenly trod on something soft, and instinctively took a spring. Before he could look round a fearful growling was heard, and two lion cubs, about as large as spaniels, became visible, evidently in a fury at being so roughly disturbed.

Next moment a lioness appeared rapidly but cautiously making for the sportsman. There was no time to put bullets into the gun, so he decided to stand still till it became clear what the lioness meant to do; and then, as a last chance, send a charge of shot at her head, in the hope of blinding her. In a few moments the brute was within four yards or so of him, growling and showing her teeth.

Luckily the cubs joined their mother, and she halted to notice them a moment. She came on again, however, looking very threatening; but halted, then turned slowly round, and, followed by the cubs, made for a huge boulder a few yards distant, and lay down behind it.

Then the hunter's love of adventure was aroused. Reloading his gun with larger shot, and kicking off his shoes, he climbed the great boulder.

He managed to get within three yards of his prey, when the lioness discovered him and crouched to spring. Taking careful aim at her breast, the hunter fired, and luckily hit a vital part.

The cubs were afterwards caught at the expense of a few bites and scratches.

"You are a regular muff," said a youth hotly, after an argument with a friend.

"Thank you," replied the other coolly. "If I'm a muff, I have done my duty—I've made you warm."

PATIENT: "I don't see why the doctors recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier it is a loss to the doctors."

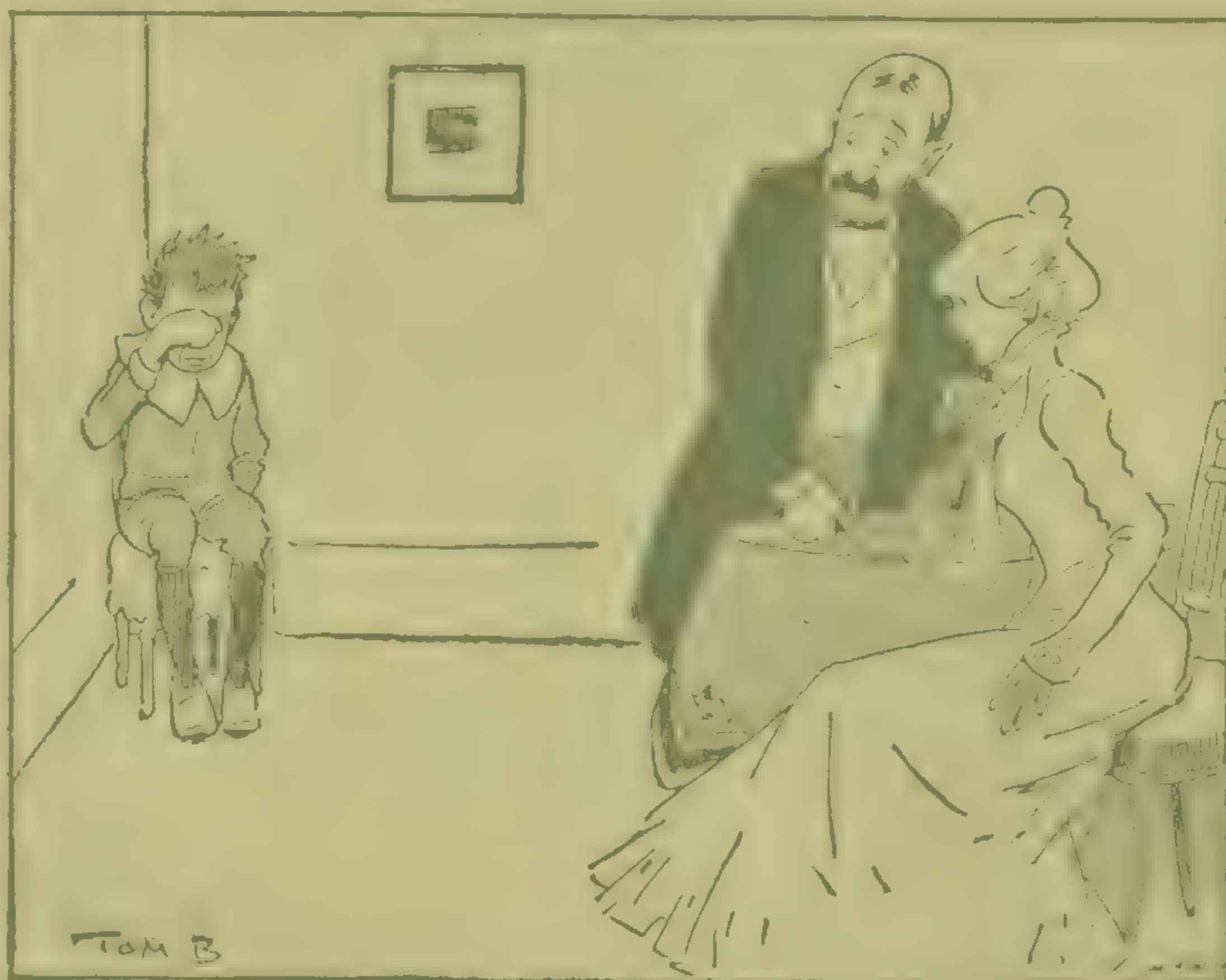
Doctor: "I know; but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week."

A MASTER was endeavouring to explain a question in arithmetic to a dull scholar.

"Suppose you had one hundred pounds, and were to give away eighty, how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?"

"Why, I'd count it?" drawled the hopeful.

Then Silence Reigned.



Johnny (sulkily): "I NEVER HEARD OF BUT ONE PERFECT BOY." Mother: "AND WHO WAS THAT?" Johnny: "FATHER—WHEN HE WAS LITTLE."

Very Mean.

At a Continental barracks some little time ago, while a recruit was holding his colonel's horse, the animal bolted towards the ramparts, and would, no doubt, have been killed, had not the young soldier, despite being dragged along the rough ground, held on most gamely until the reins, which were very much worn, broke, when the brute stopped, and was easily recaptured.

Bruised, bleeding, and with ruined uniform, the poor fellow limped back to barracks, and was totally unable to attend parade, absence from which spelt only one result—the guardroom; and our unlucky but plucky recruit soon found himself there.

Appearing before the colonel next morning, that worthy awarded him four days' imprisonment with hard labour for his absence, and ordered him, in addition to buying new clothing, to pay for a new pair of reins in place of the broken ones!

The cowardly punishment was fully carried out, and the mean colonel actually pocketed the price of the new reins, although the old ones were repaired and made serviceable!

Had the horse been killed, its loss would have fallen entirely upon its unprincipled owner, he not being on duty at the time.

"Don't!"

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING son of a certain gentleman, who was the manager of a large bank, suddenly left home, and after wandering about for some days found himself stranded in a provincial town, without any money. Going to a branch of his father's bank, he told the manager there that he desired to return home, and asked him to advance him the railway fare. The manager, instead of complying with his request, immediately telegraphed to his father, and asked him for instructions.

Back came the reply:

"Don't let Jim walk."

So Jim got the money, and, arriving, called at once on his father.

"Hullo, father!" he said. "Glad to see you, and thanks very much for the cash."

"Well, well, Jim! is this really you?" Then with a twinkle of the eye: "And now, how under the sun did you get here so soon, if you hadn't any money?"

"Why, thanks to your telegram—"Don't let Jim walk"—of course. I was at once furnished with some money, and here I am."

"Bother those operators!" said the parent, with severity. "It is strange they can't get a message through correctly!"

"Didn't you telegraph, 'Don't let Jim walk'?" inquired the son.

"Certainly not. My answer was: 'Don't! Let Jim walk!'"

"AT THE PLAY" IN SIAM.

The Music is the Best Part of the Show.

THE Land of the White Elephant is full of rare, curious, and amusing sights, for the Siamese are a quaint race of people, not unlike the Japanese in some respects.

Our photographic reproduction shows the interior of a Siamese theatre during the performance, and gives a pretty accurate idea of the extent to which it differs from a play as performed at an English theatre. There is no proscenium, with curtains, drop scenes, trap-doors, and the other apparatus that render our own theatres so mysterious and fascinating; and the *lakons*, as Siamese theatricals are called, are performed almost entirely by girls.



IN A SIAMESE THEATRE.

(Photo: G. R. Lambert & Co., Singapore.)

The faces of these young ladies are covered thickly with powder (hence the pale countenances of the performers in the illustration), and they are richly dressed in gold-embroidered costumes, head-dresses, and glittering ornaments.

Apart from its novelty, the *lakon* would not be very interesting to a European. Part of the performance consists merely in twisting the hands and arms in such a way as to make them appear out of joint. This is regarded as a great accomplishment by the Siamese ladies, who consider it very graceful to walk about with the palms of the hands turned outwards. And, of course, the *lakon* girls are experts in all these contortions.

Little dramas are performed and recitations given, but these also are very "slow," and the dancing is the liveliest part of the entertainment. Probably the prettiest of the dances is the "lamp dance," for which, in the present instance, the row of lamps seen on the right of the picture would be utilised. Each of the dancers carries a lighted lamp balanced on the palm of her hand, and, needless to say, it is a performance needing great skill and adroitness.

The scene shown in our illustration represents a dramatic rendering of a Siamese legend, the principal character in which is the young lady in the

centre. The figure with the mask is a comic character, although you would hardly think so from the expression of its visage. It suggests a sick man who is requested to open his mouth for a dose of very disagreeable medicine!

As showing the extent to which British (not to say European) fashions prevail in Siam, it may be mentioned that at the performance given a few years ago at one of the *lakons* in Bangkok, the capital, all the girls were attired in Scotch dress! Whether their dances included a reel or a Highland fling we are not told, but it is not unlikely.

But whatever may be said of Siamese acting, there is no denying the excellence of their music, which is far better than that of the neighbouring nations, including, of course, China and Japan. Every Siamese nobleman has his band, which consists

sometimes entirely of ladies, and performs not only native music but many pieces familiar to English ears. The principal instruments are the harmonicon, with wooden or metal bars beaten with a hammer, the violin with two or three strings, the guitar or *kayap*, the flute (a bamboo instrument known as a *klue*), the drum, the gong, and the cymbals. The orchestra of a *lakon*, therefore, is perhaps the most attractive feature of the entertainment.

Fond as they are of their

lakons, the Siamese are not unfamiliar with British forms of entertainment. An English circus company has given several performances in Bangkok, and on one occasion the proprietor created a sensation by advertising that a real white elephant would appear and go through a performance. Now, although Siam is the Land of the White Elephant, and the king has numbers of "white elephants" in his stables, none of them are actually white, but merely a light chocolate colour. The notion of a real white elephant, therefore, was so attractive that the circus was crowded to overflowing. There was no deception about the colour of the elephant—a small Indian animal—when it appeared. It was as white as snow.

But the secret soon came out. The creature left white marks on everything it touched; it was an elephant which had been chalked all over! The clowns laughed and joked uproariously, but the Siamese never smiled. The white elephant is a sacred animal to them, and, although they were too gentle and amiable to loudly resent the profanity, they were unmistakably offended. They declared that a judgment would overtake the chalked elephant, which, strange to say, died a few days afterwards.

Probably neither in theatrical nor in other

matters would the Siamese sense of humour correspond with that of the Briton. No Siamese, for example, sees anything funny in the mode of polite greeting which prevails amongst the Laosians, who are closely related to the Siamese. The Laosian gravely salutes you in the manner adopted by the vulgar little boy in the "Ingoldsby Legends"—he puts his hands unto his nose and spreads his fingers out!

Whale v. Ship.

A WHALE is a monstrous creature, but it is small as compared with the creations of man. Not long ago an ocean steamer ran directly against a sleeping whale, struck it in the middle, and literally cut it in two.

More recently a steamer struck a whale off Vancouver Island. The vessel was a small one, and would not have risked such an encounter, but the whale deliberately got in the way. When struck, it dived and then came up again directly under the keel.

There was a violent concussion, followed by a grating noise, as if the vessel was grazing a rock. In another minute the whale loomed up in the wake, and lay on the surface of the water as if stunned, as it probably was.

The steamer passed on, none the worse for the shock, but some of the passengers said they would rather not go through the same experience again.

FACED BY CHINESE REBELS.

And the Ruse that Outwitted Them.



THEY were hard pressed at the Bank. A howling mob of moon-faced "pigtails" seethed against the wall of the compound on two of its sides. They were armed with knives, bludgeons, and iron-tipped bamboos for the most part. The mercy was that they had no cannon, and only a few venerable muskets. When these last were fired, the crowd struggled to get as far as possible from the valiant persons who fired them. Two of them had burst gloriously, distributing wounds right and left, to the great joy of Bob

Renforth in-particular, and the satisfaction of the other nine refugees.

Still, things looked hopelessly bad.

Mr. Dickinson, the missionary, Mr. Black, the merchant, and Bob's father, the manager of the Bank, could see no loophole of safety if the Consul himself could do nothing; and the last message from the Consulate seemed to imply that at any moment Prince Fang, the local mandarin, might take an active part with the rioters instead of on behalf of law and order.

Hai Wan, the veteran native cashier of the Bank, stood with a stolid countenance near the same window as Bob Renforth.

"No trouble 'bout me, little Missy!" he had said, when Nancy Dickinson came up to whisper her sympathy, with tears in her eyes.

"If they were all like you, old chap," said Bob, "it would be a case with us."

"Plenty brave men in China, Mr. Robert!" remarked Hai Wan. "But to be killed by that rubbish—it make me bad!"

Hai Wan's only son had volunteered to go out and parley with the mob. They had beaten him to death in ten minutes, and now they were tossing his head about.

"Bob," cried Mr. Renforth suddenly, "there's news from the Consul; run and fetch it up!"

A pellet had come over the wall.

This was soon secured and read:—

"Things are worsening. Save yourselves if you can. Hear that the Prince is against us. My guns working well and don't think they'll force an entrance here. Am very anxious about you all. Send up a rocket if they should break in; two if you can get off. Don't mind how many you kill. Expect relief to-morrow, but may not come. Good luck to us all. J. B."

"That settles it," exclaimed Mr. Renforth briskly. "Will you shoot, Dickinson?"

"Not yet," said the missionary.

"All right. I respect your scruples. We three, Black, will think no more of it than if they were partridges, eh?"

"Where's my rifle? I'll answer that in my own way," said the merchant.

He was the first to fire, and the next moment a man's head fell backwards as if it were hinged.

"Good shot, sir," said Bob, who then tried his luck.

Nancy Dickinson stood at Bob's elbow, white-faced and panting. She wouldn't go away. That rising and falling head of poor Hai Wan's son had a weird fascination for her; for Hai Wan himself, too. He declined to shoot, and, as Mr. Black said, perhaps it was just as well, for he was not accustomed to a gun.

Things were livelier all ways now. The firing excited the mob fivefold. Their shouts of "Kill! kill!" "Strike the foreign demons!" etc., came to them in the bedroom which served as their look-out. They tried again to swarm up the wall. Hands and heads appeared on it, but the broken glass was no more to their liking than before; and the heads were, of course, a lovely mark for the rifles.

The firing from the Consulate also increased, as if to stimulate all concerned.

"It's the worst time, by much, I've ever had in Tien Po," said Mr. Renforth; "and I'd give five years' salary if we could all get on to the river."

"Would you risk it without the cash?" asked Mr. Black.

"I cannot leave the Bank's property; but I'd like to see all the rest of you do it."

"H'm! So likely—eh, Dickinson?"

"Yes," said the missionary. "If you stay, we all stay. But, for my part, I still hope Fang may help us."

"Give that up," said Mr. Black, with a shrug.

He had hardly spoken when, at the end of the street enfiladed by the second side of the Bank, there appeared a little bevy of lanterns. The afternoon was waning to evening, and it was to the night that the Europeans looked for their hope. But this procession killed hope in them.

"Shall I shoot him when he gets within range?" asked Bob eagerly.

"No, no—not yet, at any rate," replied his father.

Slowly the lanterns twinkled through the crowd until at length the besieged party could identify in their midst the rather small and slender form of the mandarin, Prince Fang. His yellow cap and jade feather holder were well illuminated by the attendant lamps.

"Stop firing!" said Mr. Renforth. The mandarin had made a signal from the street.

"I'm going to the west side to hear what he has to say."

"Come along, Dickinson," said Mr. Black.

"You stay here, Bob"—this with a furtive nod in the direction of Hai Wan. Mr. Black had no faith in any Chinaman.

The mandarin's communication travelled over the wall in response to Mr. Renforth's invitation. It was in very good English.

"You give me all your money and I protect your lives, though with difficulty. But if you do not give up the money, you lose your lives and the money too; and the people will mutilate you when they have killed you."

Both Mr. Black and Mr. Renforth tried arguments with the mandarin; but they were no good at all.

"You shall be happy to escape with your lives," the mandarin explained. "The mandate is issued for all foreigners to be killed. I speak for your good. Think and act quick!"

Then they returned to the look-out room, and soon came to a decision.

"It's the old game of bluff," said Mr. Black. "Give up the money, and we're no more sure of our lives than before. Stay as we are, and we may save the money and our lives."

The others agreed with him. It seemed the dismal truth.

The yellow cap shook sorrowfully when its wearer heard the determination of the Europeans.

"You are all dead!" he cried out.

Then the attacks of the rioters began again, and their yells and ribald cries seemed to increase, as if for joy that they had the mandarin on their side; and the rifles cracked faster than ever.

Hai Wan stood and watched in silence. They had done with his son's head at last.

There were lanterns out by the hundred now.

And to the cries of "Kill! kill!" "Down with the foreign demons!" etc., was added the significant shout of "Burn! burn!"

II.

On one side of the Bank the smoke soon rose thick and high and the flames below coloured it brightly; but, as Mr. Renforth said, the bricks and stone could stand a deal of fire. The little bundles of brushwood thrown alight over the wall just burned on the turf and flower-beds, and did no harm at all.

Hai Wan was the first to see that the worst efforts of the mob to get at their quarry might act in just the opposite direction.

"They gain a cat and lose a cow," he murmured. "Plenty thick smoke, no see piecey anything clear."

Bob Renforth heard and pricked up his ears.

"That's the worry of it," he said. "If I could see that piecey of a mandarin, I'd plug him in two places."

The Chinaman went into another room to look towards the river. But that way was blocked as before. The white blinds of Mr. Renforth's houseboat just gleamed in the dusk; the boat lay so cruelly near and yet could not be reached.

Then the Chinaman climbed right up to the belvedere under the flagstaff, and from this point he did see what he wanted to see—just the tip of the mandarin's cap. Prince Fang was close to the iron-barred wicket in the Bank premises, on the third side of the compound. His attendants were fanning the air to keep the smoke from vexing his princely nostrils.

Satisfied, Hai Wan glided back to the bedroom, his narrow eyes sparkling with resolution. He touched Mr. Renforth on the arm, and was soon expounding his scheme. Bob stopped shooting to listen.

"Splendid!" he cried, ere Hai Wan was half through with it.

But Mr. Renforth was not so sure.

"If they catch you?" he suggested.

"They no catchee me; a cow has not two skins; I lose my heart when they kill my son. I go, sir."

"It's worth risking, father," urged Bob.

"Let him do it, by all means," said Mr. Black. "Any fork's good enough, so the meat be good."

Bob and the Chinaman went downstairs together—Bob with the key of the wicket in his hands and an excited head—and Hai Wan explained things on the way.

"I see," said Bob at length; "I'll wait here until the one burning stick comes over—just here, mind. Then I drop over a lighted squib to show I'm ready. The door opens, and you rush the old chap in."

"But," he added, as Hai Wan prepared to get into the drain, "suppose the other beasts rush in with you?"

"You do quick, I do quick, no time then," said Hai Wan.

Then, brave fellow that he was, he crept into the deep gutter that ran round the garden enclosure. Where it passed under the wall in its direction towards the river there was a heavy grill, movable from the inside. On the other side it ran underground by a large iron pipe for a few yards, and then became a mere open ditch right down to the river's mud.

It was a fearful risk, for dusk though it was, the mob might be expected to lie all across the ditch.

In fact, however, Hai Wan did his work so well that he was able to crawl several yards past the mouth of the pipe unnoticed. Then he just made as if he had stumbled in and was crawling out.

He was soon in the thick of the crowd, edging obliquely towards the mandarin. The thought of his son's head disturbed him; but he had now another duty to perform, and he did not let the thought distract him. He kept his head low when the rifles cracked, and little by little approached the quieter side of the compound. The wind was towards the river, which might make things easier still.

"Burn! burn!" cried Hai Wan fiercely, as he pitched a small brand over the wall.

Then he hustled the mandarin's attendants, as if he had been irresistibly propelled from behind. The balance and dignity of Prince Fang himself were affected; but when, with glorious promptitude, the squib dropped right in front of the mandarin's nose, with big crackers accompanying it, the mandarin and his men were all so astonished

that it was the easiest thing in the world for Hai Wan to charge straight at Prince Fang and literally hurl him at the wicket.

This opened, as if to the pressure; let them both in, banged hard and fast, the key turned, and—"Now we hold the trump card and no mistake!" Mr. Black was quite justified in exclaiming.

They had all descended to cover and help the plot.

"Ah! so you have me!" said the mandarin, up-raising his hands. "I am sorry."

Bob Renforth was clapping his colleague on the shoulder and saying, "Good old Hai Wan!" He laughed with Mr. Black at Prince Fang's discomfiture.

"Fetch the high steps," cried Mr. Renforth.

These were soon brought and reared by the west wall, beyond which the hubbub sounded louder than ever.

"Your Highness must obey us," said Mr. Renforth.

The mandarin shrugged and showed his palms. He quite understood that.

Being bidden, he ascended the steps, and a couple of lanterns on tall rods were hoisted, one on each side of his spectacled head, which was all that showed above the wall.

"Go to your houses!" he commanded.

"Say it again and again, sir," said Mr. Renforth.

The mob immediately began to disperse.

Next he was taken inside the Bank and compelled to write a beautiful large order to the other mob outside the Consulate. He seemed to become quite engrossed in the flourishes and lines of this inscription, which was designed to be held high like a flag, so that all could see it and his character at the bottom.

A Tien Po man was fetched in to carry this towards the Consulate, with a note from Mr. Renforth also.

Just about midnight everyone in the Bank went down unmolested to the river and got on to the house-boat. The Consul and his party joined them there. The Bank's cash and bills accompanied them. So did the mandarin, much against his inclination.

Then steam was got up, and the run to the coast began.

As the Consul said, they couldn't trust Tien Po unless Prince Fang was out of it; and vigorous measures were to be used to get him replaced instantly.

Only Hai Wan did not go with the rest. He stayed behind to protect the Bank premises as best he could, and to bury his son's remains, which he had found. As a matter of fact, they could not persuade him to do anything else.

Deservedly Punished.

The following incident is characteristic of the late Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days." He was the founder, with several others, of a large Working Men's College in London. In connection with the college was a room used for boxing lessons.

One day Mr. Hughes looked into the room, and noticed a young bully severely punishing some of the juvenile learners of the fistic art.

"Here, I say! you mustn't knock the youngsters about like that," he said.

"Mustn't I?" said the bully. "I shall do as I like."

And he continued his sport.

"Well, if you want to knock anybody about, you had better try me," said the author.

And, donning a pair of gloves, with a few straight hits from the shoulder the bully was fairly knocked out of time, and had to cry for quarter. For some weeks after that his face showed signs of his encounter.

"Ponsonby, how would you divide thirteen apples among fourteen boys?"

"Make 'em into apple sauce, sir."

Rather Queer.

WHEN the locomotive was still in its infancy in the North, an old collier took a trip from Oldham to Wigan.

Through some mishap or other, there was a collision, from which most of the passengers escaped with nothing worse than a severe shaking. The collier, however, was thrown into an adjoining field, but, beyond being stunned, felt no worse.

On his arrival back at Oldham, he was asked by some of his mates how he enjoyed the then new mode of travelling.

"Oh," said he, "it's grand riding; but they've a queer way of letting a chap get out."

WHEN is coffee like the earth? When it is ground, of course.

Retribution.



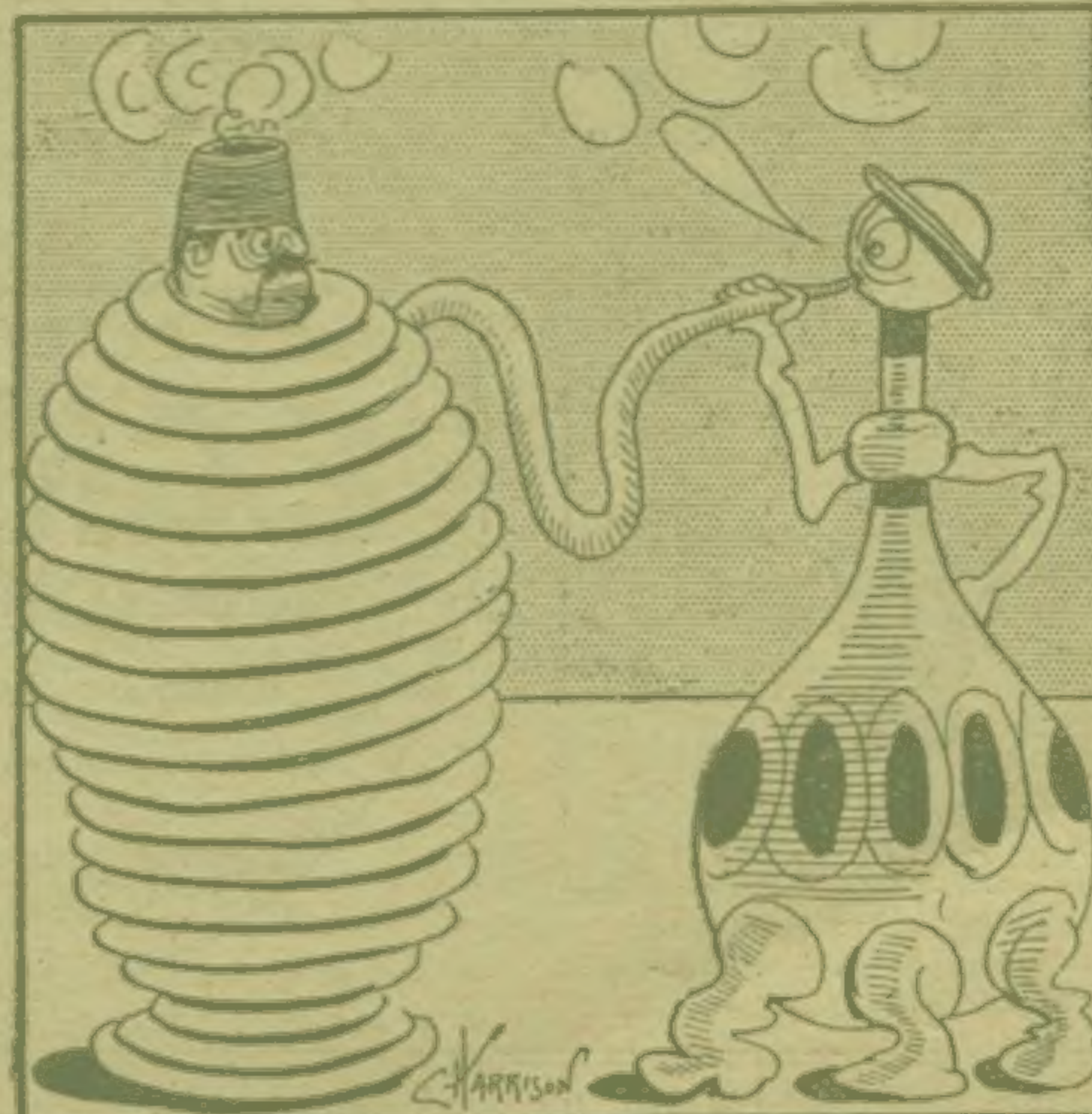
THE SULTAN OF GUITA-PERCHA DOZED ONE DAY—



WHEN HIS HOOKAH ROSE UP MOST FIERCELY TO SAY—



"YOU'VE SMOKED TILL YOUR EYES ARE AS HEAVY AS LEAD—"



"JUST SEE HOW YOU'D LIKE TO BE BURNT TILL YOU'RE DEAD."

OUR PRIZE LIST.

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IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME the Magnificent Offers of Prizes in connection with the NEW VOLUME of "CHUMS" will be before you. In addition to

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THREE PRIZES, each consisting of

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AS WELL AS

Pocket Cameras, Tool Chests, Gold-Mounted

Fountain Pens, Footballs,

&c., &c.

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY IN

EASY COMPETITIONS OPEN TO ALL.

Meanwhile, are you trying for the Prizes offered in the Two following Competitions?

Four "Chums" Cricket Bats, or

Four Powerful Telescopes,

are here offered in an Easy Postcard Competition. I want each of you to send to me

A Message in the Form of a Welcome Home to the British Troops on their Return from South Africa.

You have simply to write, in not more than twenty-four words, a Message which you would like "Tommy" to have when he reaches good old England. Such message may take any form the competitor pleases, provided that it be sensible and appropriate. There will be Two Classes:—

Class I.—For those over 15 years of age;

Class II.—For those under 15 years of age;

and Two Prizes will be awarded in EACH Class to the senders of the Best and most suitable Messages. Postcards must reach me on or before **August 20th, 1900**; and winners will be allowed to choose either a Cricket Bat or a Telescope with brass draw-tubes.

Six Gold-Mounted Fountain Pens

are also offered in the following Competition. Every Chum is asked to write on the back of a postcard, by means of dots, the phrase

"Chums" New Volume Starts August 22.

I print here a rough example of what I mean, but the letters and the two figures may be of any size or style. Only ink of one colour may be used, and your postcards must reach me on or before **Monday, August 20th, 1900**. The Prizes, which will be given to the senders of the best and most neatly written words, will be divided equally between the Three Classes:—

Class I. For those over 16 years of age;

Class II. For those over 14 and under 16 years of age;

Class III. For those under 14 years of age.

[This Competition was first announced on p. 735 of the July 4 No., included in the August month's part.]

N.B.—All readers of "CHUMS" can take part in our Competitions subject to the conditions indicated; my decision as to the winners must be regarded as final; and I cannot enter into any correspondence about the Competitions. All postcards are to be addressed to the "Prize Editor," "CHUMS," La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

CHUMS CAN DRAW SHIPS.

WHEN I recently announced SIX BOXES OF COLOURS or SILVER WATCH CHAINS for the best drawings on postcards of ships, I anticipated a success, but not the many beautiful specimens of work which I eventually received. As you see, in order to show my recognition of Chums' artistic talents, I have added NINE BRONZE MEDALS and TWELVE CERTIFICATES OF MERIT to my original offer, the full list of Winners being as follows:—

Class I.—Boxes of Colours or Silver Watch Chains:—R. Yorston, 64, Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh; S. F. Sweeting, 17, Westbury Road, East Croydon. Consolation Prizes:—"Chums" Bronze Medals:—P. Tasker, Bolton; G. H. Crickmay, London, E.C.; G. G. F. Chute, Dublin. "Chums" Certificates of Merit:—L. Higgins, London, N.; G. D. C. Stokes, Glasgow; R. B. Macmillan, Bristol; F. C. Markham, Birmingham. Class II.—Boxes of Colours or Silver Watch Chains:—G. C. Hall, The Croft, York; O. Parkes, Hawthorne House, Friary Road, Birmingham. Consolation Prizes:—"Chums" Bronze Medals:—W. Shaw, Bradford; B. Guenther, Bavaria; H. J. Owen, Nottingham. "Chums" Certificates of Merit:—W. B. Lunan, Edinburgh; E. J.

OUR PRIZE LIST (continued).

Scott, London, W.; B. Harris, France; D. G. F. Thorman, London.
S.E. Class III.—Boxes of Colours or Silver Watch Chains:—S. P. Smith, 73, Bouverie Street, Chester; H. S. Grove, 15, Rothsay Road, Bedford. **Consolation Prize:**—"Chums"
Bronze Medals:—W. H. Lacey, Ryde; C. A. Weeden, Maidstone; J. Hardie, Ramsgate. **"Chums" Certificates of Merit:**—W. Tobitt, Hastings; M. R. Miller, Southsea; R. M. B. Gordon, Edinburgh; P. Matthews, Perth.
 P.S.—The result of the recent "Cricket Counties" Competition will appear Next Week.
 PRIZE EDITOR.

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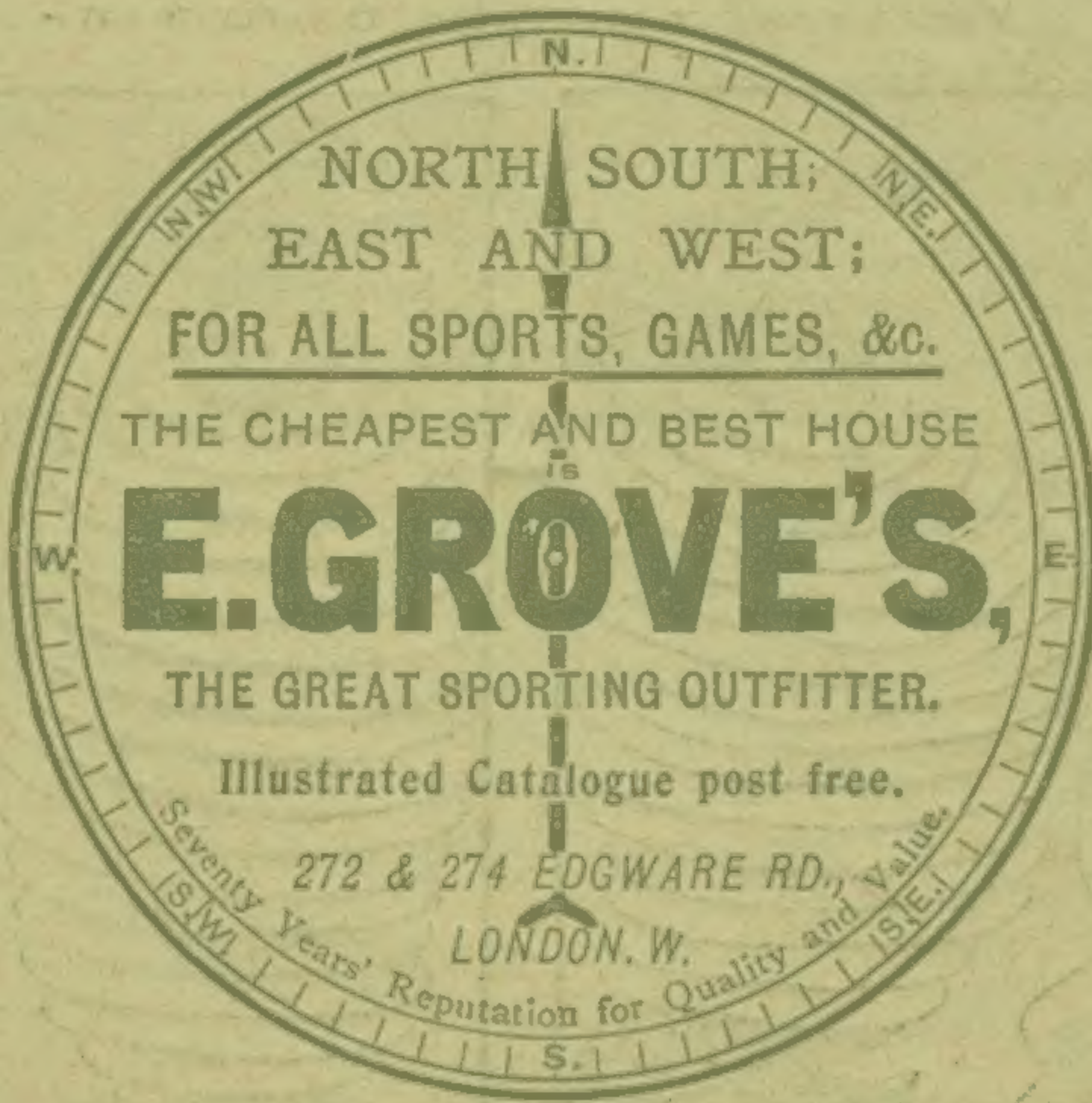
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